

Iter Boreale:

With Large

ADDITIONS

Of Several other

POEMS:

BEING

AN EXACT
COLLECTION
OF

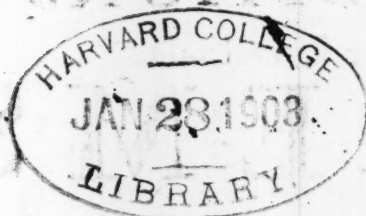
All Hitherto Extant.

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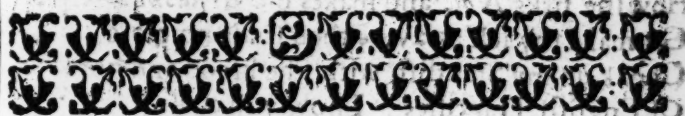
The Author *R. Wild. D.D.*

L O N D O N;

Printed for *John Williams*, and are to be sold by
John Hese, over against *Staple-Inn*, in *Hol-*
born, near *Grays-Inn-Lane*. 1674.



*Gift of
Ernest B. Lane
of Boston*



Iter / Boreale

Attempting something upon the Successful and Matchless March of the

LORD GENERAL

George Monck

From SCOTLAND to LONDON;
in the Winter, 1659.

John Milton
N. M.

THe day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone;
Night-mare my Soul no more; Go take thy flight
Where Traitors Ghosts keep an eternal night;
Flee to mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part
With the black fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart
For his bold Sacriledg: Go fetch the groans
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy Tones;

Go see *Alecto* with her flaming whip,
 How she firsks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip:
 Go make thy self away, -- thou shalt no more
 Choke up my *Standish* with the blood and gore
 Of English Tragedies: I now will chuse
 The merriest of the nine to be my Muse:
 And come what will, I'll scribble once again;
 The brutish Sword hath cut the nobler Vein
 Of racy Poetry. Our small-drink-times
 Must be contented, and take up with Rhimes.
 They'll sorry teyes from a poor Levites pack,
 Whose Living and Assessments drink no Sack.
 The Subject will excuse the Verse (I grow)
 The Ven'son's fat, although the crust be dough.

II.

I He who while comfate and sung in Cage
 My Kings and Countries Ruines by the rage
 Of a rebellious Rout; who weeping saw
 Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
 And sheath their Swords (like three enraged bro-
 In one anothers sides, ripping their Mothers [thers]
 Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;
 Then jealous that their Father slain would part
 Their bloody fray, and let them fight no more,
 Fell foul on Him, and slew him at his dore.
 I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,
 And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Hearst's

I that enraged at the *times* and *Rump*,
 Had gnaw'd my Goose-quill to the very *Rump*
 And flung that in the Fire, no more to write,
 But to sit down poor *Britains* *Heraclete*,
 Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War.
 The Glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,
 Created for the nonce by Heaven to bring
 The wise men of three Nations to their King:
MONCK! the great *Monck!* that syllable our-
Plahtagenet's bright Name or *Constantine's*, [shines
 'Twas at his Rising that *Our day* begun,
 Be he the *Morning star* to *CHARLES* our *Sun*.
 He took Rebellion rampant, by the throat,
 And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
 His hand it vvas that vvrote, (vve say no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lamberts* dote.

Like to some subtle Lightning, to his Words
 Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.
 He vvith success the *Soveraign* skill hath found
 To dress the weapon, and to cure the wound.
 George, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they say)
 Only by walking scare our Foes away.


 III.

O *Ld Holofernes* was no sooner laid,
 Before that *Idols* Funeral Pomp was paid,

(Not

Nor shall a penny ere be paid for me;
 Let fools that trusted his true mourners be.)
Richard the Fourth, just peeping out of Squire,
 No fault so much, as th'old one was his Sire;
 For men believ'd, though all went in his Name,
 Hee'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came:
 When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found
 The seven years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;
 And he poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)
 Was soon in *Querpo*, honest *Dick* agent.
Exit Protector.—What comes next? I trow,
 Let the State-Huntsmen beat again.—So ho,
 Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds, Here sits
 That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*,—whose wits
 Shew'd *Oliver* such sport; That, that (cries *Vane*)
 Lets put her up, and run her once again:
 She'll lead our Dogs and Followers up and down,
 Whilst we watch Families, and take the Crown.
 Enter th'old Members: 'twas the Month of *May*
 These Maggots in the *Ramp* began to play:
Wallingford Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought
 They would make baits, by which Fish might be
 And so it prov'd, they soon by taxes made (caught
 More money than the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

I V.

NOW broke in *Egypt's* Plagues (all in a day)
 And one more worse than theirs, --- We must
 not pray
 To

To be deliver'd; --- Their scab'd folks were free
 To scratch where it did itch; --- So might not we.
 That Meteor *Cromwel*, though he scar'd, gavelight:
 But we were now cover'd with horrid night:
 Our Magistracy was (like *Moses* Rod)
 Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.
 Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,
 Made brick without straw, and were basted too:
 Struck with the botch of Taxes and Excise;
 Servants (*our very dust*) were turn'd to *Lice*;
 It was but turning Souldiers, and they need
 Not work at all, but on their Masters feed.
 Strange Catterpillars eat our pleasant things;
 And Frogs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings:
 Black bloody veines did in the *Rump* prevail,
 Like the Philistins Emrods in the Tayle.
 Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Egypt* had,
 And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, (*chars as bad*)
 And that Sea-Monster *Lawson* (if withstood)
 Threatned to turn our Rivers into Blood. [fell
 And (Plague of all these Plagues) all these Plagues
 Not on an *Egypt*, but our *Israel*.

V.

Sick (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,
 Filling each corner with her hideous cries:
 Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,
 Anon Despair brings cold and clammy sweats;

She

She cannot sleep : or if she doth she dreams
 Of Rapes , Twists, Burnings, Blood , and direful
 Tosses from side to side, then by and by . [sheams ;
 Her feet are laid there where the head did lie :
 None can come to her but bold Empericks,
 Who never meant to cure her but try tricks :
 These very *Doctors* who should give her ease,
 God help the *Patient*, was her worst disease.
 Th'*Italian* Mountebank *Vane* tells her sure
 Jesuits Powder will effect the Cure.
 If grief but makes her swell, *Martin* and *Nevil*
 Conclude it is a spice of the Kings-Evil.
 Bleed her again, another cries ; --- And *Scot*
 Saith he could cure her, if 'twas--you know what :
 But giddy *Harrington* a whimsey found,
 To make her head, like to his brains, run round.
 Her old and wise Physicians, who before
 Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to ch, dore,
 But were kept out, which made her cry the more,
 Help, help , dear *Children*, Oh ! some pity take
 On her vwho bore you ! help for mercy sake !
 Oh heart ! Oh head ! Oh back ! Oh bones ! I feel
 They've poyson'd me vvith giving too much steel.
 Oh give me that for which I long and cry !
 Something that's *Sovereign*, or else I dye.

Kind

(flood)

KInd *Cheshire* heard; — And like some son that
 Upon the Bink, straight jump'd into the flood,
 Flings out his armes & strikes some strokes to swim
Booth ventur'd first, and *Middleton*, with him;
 Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thousands more;
 Threw themselves in, and left the safer shore;
Massey (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*
 Forsook his Wharf, --- resolving all to drown,
 O: save a sinking Kingdom: --- But O sad!
 Fearing to lose her prey, the Sea grew mad,
 Rais'd all her billows, and resolv'd her waves,
 Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves,
 Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eastern Wind,
 And with him all the mighty waters joyn'd.
 The Loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breasts;
 Scorning to think of Life or Interests;
 They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain
 The furious main beat them to shore again;
 At which the floating Island (looking back,
 Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)
 Shriekt louder than before, --- and thus she cries,
 "Can you be angry heavens, and frowning skies,
 "Thus countenance rebellious Mutineers,
 "Who, if they durst, would be about your ears &
 "That I should sink, with Justice may accord,
 "Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;

" Yet

"Yet't was not I (ye righteous Heavens do know)

"The Soldiers in me needs would have it so:

"And those who conjured up these storms themselves, [Shelves

"And first engag'd me 'mongst these Rocks and

"Guilty of all my wo, have rais'd this weather,

"Fearing to come to Land, and chusing rather

"To sink me with themselves, -- O cease to frown

"In tears' just Heavens!) behold I my self I drown:

"Let not these proud waves do't: Prevent my

"And let them fall together by the ears. [fears,

VII.

Hea've'n heard, and struck th'insulting army mad
Dunk with their *Cheshire* Triumphs; straight
they had

New Lights appear'd, and new Resolves they take,
A *Single Person* once again to make.

Who shall he be? Oh! *Lambert*, without rub;

The fittest Devil to be *Belzebub*.

He, the fierce Fiend, cast out o'th House before;

Return'd, and threw the House now out of door:

A Legion then he rais'd of Armed Sprights;

• Elves, Goblins, Fairies, Quakers, and new lights;

To be his under Devils, with the rest

He Soul and Body (Church and State) possess!

Who tho. they fil'd all countries, towns, and rooms

Yet / like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)

Churches

Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted most,
No Chappel was at ease from some such Ghost.

The Priest ordain'd to exercise those Elves,
Were voted Devils, and cast out themselves;
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,

Religion serves but for a stratagem :

The holy Charms these Adders did not heed,
Churches themselves did Sanctuary need.

VIII.

THe Churches Patrimony and rich Store,

Alas ! was swallow'd many years before :
Bishops and *Deans* we fed upon before,

They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore :
Now let her *Legs* (the *Priests* go to the Pot,
(They have the Pope's eye in them) spare them not
We have fat benefices yet to eat,

(*Bell*, and our *Dragon Army* must have meat :)

Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and small,

Tythe Calves, Geese, Pigs, the Petitoes and all :

A Vicaridge in Sippets, though it be

But small, will serve a squeamish Sectary.

Though Universities we can't endure,

There's no false Latine in their lands (be sure,)

Give *Oxford* to our Horse, and let the Foot

Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall too't.

Christ-Church he have (cries *Vane* ;) *Disbrow* swop

At *Trinity* ; *Kings* is for *Berry's* chops :

Kilsey

Kelsey, take: *Corpus Christi*; *All-Souls*, *Packers*
Grave Creed, *St. Johns*; *New Colledge* leave to *Hac-*
Fleetwood cries, weeping *Maudlin* shall be mine, (her;
 Her tears Ile drink instead of *Muscadine*:
 The smaller *Halls* and *Houses* scarce are big
 Enough to make one dish for *Hafirig*;
 We must be sure to stop his mouth though wide,
 Else all our fat will be i'th fire (they cry'd:)
 And when we have done these, we'll not be quiet,
 Lordships and Landlords Rents shall be our diet.
 Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but still mine Host
Lambert resolves that he will rule the Rost.

I X.

BUt hark Methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow; (so?
 What mean the north-winds that they bluster
 More storms from that black nook? Forbear (bold
 Let not *Danbar* and *wor'ster* be forgot: [Scot!]
 What would you chaffer w'us for one *Charls* more?
 The Price of Kings is fa'n, give the Trade o're.
 And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,
 Of Laws, lives, oaths, souls, grown so low with you?
 Perfidious Hypocrites! Monsters of men!
 (Cries the good *Monck*) we'll raise their price agen.
 Heaven said *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark;
 That Spark (preserv'd alive i'th cold and dark)
 First kindled and enflam'd the British Isle,
 And turn'd it all to Bonfires in a while:

He and his fewel was so small, no doubt,
 Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piss them out,
 But *George* was wary ; - His cause did require
 A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire :
 'Twas not his safest course to flame, but smok ;
 His enemies he will not burn but choak ;
 Small fires must not blaze out, lest by their light
 They shew their weakness, and their foes invite ;
 But Furnaces the stoutest Metals melt,
 (And so did he) by fire not seen, but felt ;
 Dark-lantron Language, and his peep by-play,
will-E-wispt Lambert's new Lights out o' th way.
George & his boyes, those thousands (O strange thing)
 Of *Snipes* and *woodcocks* took by Lowbelling.
 His few Scotch-Coal kindled with English Fire
 Made *Lambert's* great *Newcastle* heaps expire.

X

Scotland (though poor and peevish) was content
 To keep the Peace, and (O rare!) money lend ;
 But yet the blessing of their Kirk was more ;
George had that too, and with this slender store
 He and his *Mymidons* advances --- Kind Heaven
 Prepar'd a Frost to make their March more even
 Easy and safe ; it may be said, That year
 Of th' High-ways Heaven it self was Overseer.
 And made *November* ground as hard as *May* ;
 White as their Innocence, so was the way :

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet
 Him and his Army, and to kiss their feet,
 The frost and foes both came and went together,
 Both thaw'd away, & vanish'd God knows whither.
 VVhole Countries crowded in to see this friend,
 Ready to cast their bodies down to mend
 His Road to *Westminster*; and still they shout,
 Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monster* out :
 A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)
 And to this cry the Island did accord,
 The Eccho of the Irish hollow ground
 Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

XI.

P~~re~~sto. *Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gone
 To dance a Jig with's brother *Oberon*;
George made him, and his cut throats of our lives,
 Swallow their swords as Jugglers do their Knives.
 And *Carter Disborough* to wish in vain,
 He now were VVagoner to *Charles* his VVain.
 The Conqueror is now come into th' South,
 VVhose warm Air is made hot by every mouth ;
 Breathing his velcome, and in spite of *Scot*,
 Crying -- *The whole Child* (*Sir divide it not* :
 The *Rump* begins to stink ; Alas ! (cry they)
 VV'e have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay,
 I like him not -- His Belly is so big ,
 There's a King in' : cries furious *Hafslrig*,

Lets

Let's bribe Him (they cry all) Carve him a share
 Of our stohn Venison,--- Varlets forbear,
 In vain you put your Lime twigs to his Hands,
 George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands.*
 When fair means would not do, next foul they try,
 Vote him the City Scavenger, (they cry)
 Send him to scowr their streets---Well, let it be;
 Your Rumpship wants a scowring too, (thinks he)
 That foul house where your Worships many year
 Have laid your Tail, sure wants a Scavenger :
 I smell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack;
 You'd mount me on the Cities galled Back,
 In hope she'l cast her Rider : If I must
 Upon some Office in the Tovvn be thrust,
 I'le be their Sword-bearer,---and to their Dagger
 I'le joyn my Syvord : ---Nay (*good Rump*) do not
 The City feasts me, and (as sure as Gun) (i'vagger,
 I'le mend all *Englands* Commonse're I've done.

XII.

ANd so he did : One morning next his hear
 He goes to *Westminster*, and play'd his part :
 He vampt their boots (vvhich *Hewson* ne'r could do)
 VVith better leather, made them g'upright too.
 The Restor'd Members (*Cato*-like no doubt)
 Did only enter that They might go out;
 They did not mean vvithin those Walls to dwell,
 Nor did they like their Company so vvell:

Yet Heav'n so blest them, that in three weeks space
 They gave both Church and State a better face;
 They gave *Booth, Massy, Brown*, some kinder lots;
 The last years Traytors, this years Patriots:
 The Churches poor Remainder they made good,
 And wash'd the Nations Hands, of Royal Blood;
 And that a Parliament (they did devise)
 From its own ashes (*Phoenix* like) might rise;
 This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,
 They pass a Fine, and so cut off *th' Entail*.

XIII.

L Ftt the Bells ring these Changes now from *Bow*
 Down to the Country Candlesticks below;
Ringers, hands off; The Bells themselves will dance
 In memory of their own deliverance.
 Had not *George* shew'd his Metal, and said Nay,
 Each Sectary had born the Bell away: (Crew)
 Down with them all, they'r Christned (say'd that
 Tye up their Clappers, and th: Parsons too;
 Turn them to guns, or sell them to the *Dutch*.
 Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Masters that's too
 You will not leap o'r Steeples thus, I hope (much,
 I'll save the Bells; but you may take the Rope.
 Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,
 Like *Isaac*, bound under the bloody knife;
George held the falling Weapon, say'd the Lamb:
 Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram*.

Solay the Royal Virgin (as'tis told)
 When brave S. *George* redeem'd her life, of old.
 Oh that the Knaves that have consum'd our Land,
 Had but permitted Wood enough to stand
 To be his Bonfires : — Wee'd burn every stem,
 And leave no more but Gallow-trees for them.

XIV.

MArch on, *Great Heroe* ! as thou hast begun,
 And crown our *Happiness* before th'ast done
 We have another *CHARLES* to fetch from *Spain*,
 Be though the *GEORGE* to bring him back again :
 Then shalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight.)
 Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favourite.
 There is no dangers of the Winds at all,
 Unless together by the Ears they fall,
 Who shall the honour have to waite a King :
 And they who gain it, while they work shall sing.
 Methinks I see how those Triumphant Gales,
 Proud of the great Employment, swell the Sails:
 The joyful Ship shall dance, the Sea shall laugh,
 And loyal Fish their Masters's health shall quaff:
 See how the *Dolphins* croud and thrust their large
 And scaly shoulders, to assist the Barge ;
 The peaceful Kingfishers are met together
 About the Decks and prophetic calm weather ;
 Poor Crabs and Lobsters are gone down to creep,
 And search for Pearls and Jewels in the deep ;

And when they have the booty --- crawl before;
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

XV.

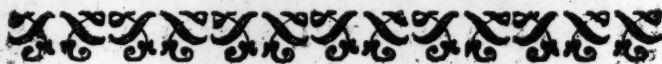
ME-thinks I see how throngs of people stand
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to Land,
Ready to leap in, and if need require,
With Tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*
With bowing to his Sovereign will fall:
The Royal Lyons from the Tower shall roar,
And though they see him not, yet shall adore:
The Conduits will be ravish'd and combine
To turn their very water into Wine:
And for the Citizens, I only pray
They may not over-joy'd all die that day:
May we all live more loyal and more true,
To give to *Cesar* and to God their due.
We'll make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim,
And for the Son, we'll shed our blood for him:
England her penitential Song shall sing,
And take heed how she quarrels with her King.

If for our sins---our Prince shall be misled,
Wee'l bite our nails, rather than scratch our
(Head

XVI.

ONe English *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)
 A whole Committee of the heathens Gods ;
 Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)
 He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.
Monck (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the
 That with a word shackled the Ocean ; [man
 He shall command *Neptune* himself to bring
 His Trident, and present it to our King.
 Oh do it then, great Admiral : --- Away,
 Let him be here against *St. George's* day ;
 That *Charles* may wear his *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,
 And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.
 And when thy Aged Corps shall yield to Fate ,
 God save that soul that sav'd our *Church & State* :
 There thou shalt have a glorious Crovyn, I know
 Who Crovyn'dst our King and Kingdoms here be.
 But vvho shall find a Pen fit for thy glory ? (lovv.
 Or make Posterity believe thy Story ?

Vive St. G E O R G E .



THE
TRAGEDY
OF

Mr. *Christopher Love.*

Late Minister of the Gospel;

Acted upon

TOWER-HILL

August. 22. 1651.

The Prologue.

(come,
NEW from a slaughter'd Monarch's Hearse I
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophets Tomb:
Pardon, great *Charles* his Ghost, my Muse had stood
Yet three years longer, til sh^e nad wept a Flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.

But

But she must go, Heav'n does by Thunder call
 For her Attendance at *LOVE's* Funeral :
 Forgive, great Sir, this Sacrilege in me,
 The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee;
 'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee.

The Argument.

'Twas When the Raging Dog did rule the Skies,
 And with his scorching Face did tyrannize,
 When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,
 But sure more fiery than this Sire by far,
 Had dry'd the *Northern Fife*, and with his heat
 Put frozen *Scotland* in a B'oodly sweat :
 When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train
 Had chas'd the North Bear, and pursu'd *Charles* Wain
 Into the *English* Oxb ; then 'twas thy fate
 (Sweet *LOVE*) to be a present from our State.
 A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
 Than a Divine, to bleed his welcome home.
 For He, and *Herod* think no Dish so good,
 As a *Iohn Baptist's Head*, serv'd up in Blood,

Act. I.

The *Philistins* are set in their High Court,
 And *Love*, like *Sampson's* fetch't to make them sport:
 Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought :
 Not to be try'd, but baited, most men thought:

Monsters, like Men, must worry him ; and thus
He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.

Adams, *Far*, *Huntington*, with all the Pack
Of foisting Hounds, were set upon his back.

Prideaux and *Keeble* stand and cry, Halloo ;

'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.

Oh how he foil'd them ! Standers by did swear,
That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were :

For there he prov'd (although he seem'd a Lamb)
Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

ACT. II.

It is decreed ; nor shall thy Worth, dear *Love*,
Resist their Vows, nor their Revenge remove.

Though Pray'rs were join'd to Pray'rs, & tears to
No Softness in their Rocky Hearts appears : (tears,

Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their fury can,

But they will have the Head, thy Head good Man.

Sure some the Sectary longed, and in haste

Must try how *Presbyterian* blood did taste.

'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,

Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint ! 'tis Drink di-

No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read, (vine.

The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned Head :

And by that humble Posture told them all,

It was a Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT.

ACT. III.

And now I wish the fatal Stroke were given ;
 I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
 And Heav'n to have him there: one moments blow
 Makes him triumphant ; but here comes his wo,
 His Enemies will grant a Months Suspence,
 (If't be but for the nonce to keep him thence :)
 And that he may tread in his Saviours ways
 He shall be tempted too, his forty days :
 And with such baits too, Cast thy self but down.
 Fall, and but worship, and your Life's your own.
 Thus cry'd his Enemies ; oh't'was their pride,
 To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.
 One Plotth'ave more, vvhhen all their ovvn do fail
 If Devils can't, Disciples may prevail.
 Lets tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,
 Good Master, Spare thy self, and do not die.
 One Friend entreats, a second vveeps, a third
 Cries, Your Petition vvants the other vvord :
 I'le vwrite it for you, saith a fourth ; Your Life ;
 Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth , Pity your Wife,
 And the Babe in her : Thus this Diamond's cut
 By Diamonds only, and to terror put.
 Me thinks I hear him still, you wound my heart ;
 Good Friends, forbear ; for every vvord's a Dart :
 'Tis cruel pitt'y, thus I do profess,
 You'd love me more, if you did love me less :
Friends,

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.

Thus like a rock that routs the waves, he stands,
And snaps a sunder, *Sampson*-like, these bands.

ACT. IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,
And chides the lingering Sun for tarrying so;
Which blushing seems to answer from the Sky,
That it was loth to see a Martyr dye.
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above
Call to each other, Sirs, make room for *LOVE*.
Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
(Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies rage)
His Blood ne'r run in his heart, Christs Blood was
Reviving it, his own was all to spare: (there
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,
Is this the Blood you thirst for? Take, I pray.
Spectators in his looks such life did see,
That they appear'd more like to die than he.
But oh his Speech! methinks I hear it still;
It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill.
His keener Words did their sharp Axe exceed;
That made his head, but he their hearts, to bleed;
Which he concluded with soft Prayer, and so
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow:
His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star,
And now we're sure there's one Saint *Christopher*.

ACT,

A& V.

L O V E lies a bleeding, and the World shall see
Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedy.

The Sun no sooner spy'd the head o'th' floor,

But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.

The Clouds, which scattered, and in colours were,

Met altogether, and in black appear:

Light'nings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,

Did serve for Torches at that Dismal Night:

In which, and all next day, for many hours,

Heav'n groan'd in thunder, and did weep in Showrs.

Nor do I wonder, that God thundered so,

When's *Boanerges* mured lay below: *Keeble,*

The High Court trembled, *Prideaux, Bradshaw,*

And all the guilty Rout, look'd pale and feeble.

Timerous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake,*

Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:

Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,

Will be beholding to you to go out.

But if you will recant, now thundring Heaven

Such approbation to *Love's* cause hath given,

I'll add but this; Your Consciences perhaps,

Ere long shall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

The

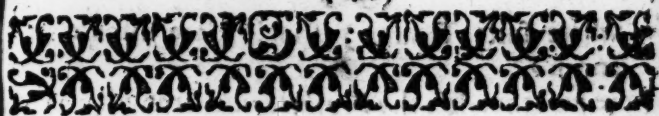
The Epilogue.

But stay, my Muse grows fearful too, and must
 Beg, that these Lines be buried with thy Dust :
 Shelter, bless'd Love, these verse within thy Shroud,
 For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.

The Author begs this, lest, if it be known,
 Whilst he bewailes thy Head, he lose his own.

R.W.

UPON



UPON

The much to be Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

Reverend Mr. *Vines*,

ARt thou gone too (thou great & gallant mind)
 And must such Sneaks as I be left behind?
 If thus our Horsemen and Commanders die,
 What can the Infantry do then but fly?
 Oh Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldst thou go,
 Unless thou couldst have left thy Parts below?
 If ther's a *Metempsychosis* indeed,
 Tell us where we may find thee at our need?
 VVho hath thy Memory? Thy Brain, thy Heart?
 VVhom didst thou leave thy Tongue? (for ev'ry part
 Of thee can make a Man.) What if we find
 (As I'll not swear this Age won't change her mind)
 'Prelacy (though her Lands are sold) revive?
 Or Independency (who hopes to thrive,

No

No where suits Trump) should dare dispute at
length ?

Where hast thou left thy *Presbyterian* strength,
With which thou got'st the Game in th' Isle of
Wight,

Where the King cry'd that *Vines* was in the right ?

When *Essex* dyed (the honour of our Nation)

Thou gav'st him a new life in thy Oration.

But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate shall yield,

Whom hast thou left---to fetch from *Naseby*-field

Th' Immortal Turf, and dress it with a story,

That shall perpetuate his name in glory ?

Wher's the rich Fancy (man?) To whom (beneath)

Didst thou thy lofty and high strain bequeath ?

Tell us for thy own sake, for none but he

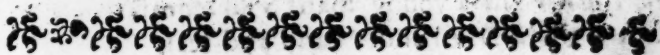
That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegie.

Till he be found, let this suffice, which, I

Leave on thy Stone:--- *Here lies the Ministry.*

R. W.

TO



TO THE
MEMORY
OF

Mr. *Jeremy Whitaker.*

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching,
Pious in life, Patient in Sick-
ness, &c.

Now, now forbear; for pity sake give o're
You that would make the Clergy none, or
We are made miserable enough this year, (poor:
That we have lost our Reverend *Whitaker*;
Loss above Deans and Chapters I had but he
Liv'd still and preach'd: *Ziba* take all (for me.)
Nay I believe had sacrilegious hands
Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Linds,
Whil't he surviv'd they had but pray'd in vain,
Whitaker would have pray'd them back again,

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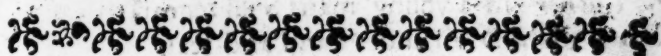
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As

As *Luther* did a young mans Soul repeat;
 Giv'n to the Devil under hand and seal.
 A Chariot and a Horseman we have lost,
 In whose each single Pray'r incamp'd an Host.
 How have I heard him on some solemn Day
 (When doubtful War could make all *London* pray)
 Mount up to Heav'n with armed cries and tears,
 And rout, as far as *York*, the Cavaliers!
 Have you not seen an early rising Lark
 Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark,
 Shooting her self aloft, yet higher, higher,
 Till she had sung her self into Heavens Quire?
 Thus would he rise in Pray'r, and in a trice
 His soul become a Bird of Paradise:

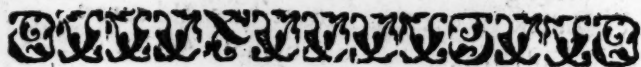
And if our faint Devotions Prayers be,
 What can we call his less than Extasie?

On his Preaching.

If with the Almighty he prevailed so,
 Wonder not that he wonders wrought below:
 The Son of Consolation and of Thunder
 Met both in him, in others are asunder.
 He was (like *Luke*) Physician of both kinds,
 Wrought Cures upon Mens Bodies & their Minds,
 The falling-sickness of Apostacy,
 Dropfie of Drunkenness, Prides Tympany,
 The Meagrim of Opinions, new or old,
 Palsie of Unbelief, Charities cold,

Luffs

Lust burning Fever, Angers Calenture;
 The Collick in the Conscience he could cure:
 Set the soules broken bones; by holy Art
 He hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a heart,
 Harder than that he dy'd of. O come in,
 Yet multitudes whom he hath heal'd of sin,
 And thereby made his Debtors. Pay him now
 Some of those tears which he laid out for you:
 Interest-tears, I mean; for should you all
 Weep over him both use and principal,
 'T would wash away the Stone (which covers him)
 And make his Coffin (like an Ark) to swim;
 Now wipe thine eyes (my Muse) and stop thy verse
 (Thy Ink can only serve to black his hearse.)
 Yet (say) I'll drop one Tear; sigh one sigh more;
 'Tis this, although my Poetry be poor,
 O what a mighty Prophet should I be,
 Had this *Elijah's* mantle falln to me!
 O might I live his Life! I'd be content
 His sore Diseases too should me torment:
 And if his Patience could mine become;
 I would not be afraid of Martyrdom.

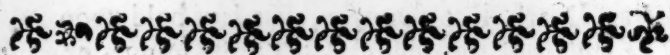


UPON THE
D E A T H
OF

So many Reverend Ministers of late.

STill we do find, Black cloth wears out the first;
And fruits that are the choicest keep the worst.
Such men? So many? And they die so fast?
They'r precious, death, oh do not make such waste,
Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loss of one,
But in comes tidings that another's gone.
Oh that I had my former Tears agen,
(All but those few laid out upon my sin,)
Had I an *Helicon* in either Eye,
I have occasion now to verse them dry.
Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,
Presbytery sha'nt trouble you ere long;
Those that tormented you before your day,
Are now apace removing out o' th' way.
Yea, rather tremble, *England*, stand agast,
To see thy glorious Lamps go out so fast;

When Death, like *Sampson*, thus lays hold upon
 The Pillars of the Church, --- The Building's gone.
 When we do see so many Stars to fall,
 Surely it boads the Worlds great Funeral.
London, look too^t and think what Heav'n is doing,
 Thy Flames are coming when thy *Lots* are going.
 Well may we all fear God intendeth wars,
 When he commands home his Embassadors.
 That venerable Synod, vvhich of late
 Was made the Object of Mens scorn and hate,
 (For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)
 Are novv call'd up (vwith *Moses*) and their Faces,
 When they return, shall shine ; God sees it fit,
 Such an Assembly should in Glory sit.
 The learned *Twisse* went first, (it vvas his right)
 Then holy *Palmer*, *Barrroughs*, *Love*, *Gouge*, *White*,
Hill, *Whitaker*, grave *Gataker*, and *Strong*,
Pern, *Marshall*, *Robinson*, all gone along.
 I have not nam'd them half : their onely strife
 Hath been (of late) who should first part vwith Life.
 Those fevv vvho yet survive, sick of this Age,
 Long to have done their parts, and leave th^e Stage.
 Our English *Luther*, *Vines*, (vvwhose Death I vveep)
 Stole avway (and said nothing) in a Sleep :
 Svveet (like a *Svvan*) he preach'd that day he went,
 And for his Cordial took a Sacrament :
 Had he but been suspected--he would die ,
 His People sure had stop'd him with their Cry.
 My blear-ey'd Muse ('t is tears have made her so)
 Must wash his Marble too, before she go.



A N
E L O G Y
U P O N T H E
Earl of Essex
H I S
F U N E R A L .

ANd are these all the Rites that must be done,
Thrice Noble *ESSEX*, *Englands* Champion ?
Some men, some Walls, some Horses put in black
With the Throng scrambling for Sweet-meats and
Agawdy Herald, and a Velvet Hearse, (Sack;
A tatter'd Anagram with grievous verse,
And a sad Sermon to conclude withall,
Shall this be this great *ESSEX*'s Funeral ?

Niggardly

Niggardly Nation, be asham'd of th' odds,
 Less valour among Heathen made men gods:
 Should such a General have dy'd in *Rome*,
 He must have had an Altar, not a Tomb;
 And there, instead of youthful Elegies,
 Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice
 To Divine *Devereux*: O for a Vote,
 (Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't)
 A Vote, that who is seen to smile this year,
 A Vote, that who so brings not in a Tear,
 Shall be adjudg'd malignant: It were wise
 T' erect an Office in the Peoples eyes,
 For issuing forth a constant sum of Tears,
 There's no way else to pay him his Arrears:
 And when w'have drain'd this Ages eyes quite dry,
 Let him be wept the next in history:
 Which if posterity shall dare to doubt,
 Then *Glosters* wisp'ring Walls shall speak him out;
 And so his Funeral shall not be done,
 Till he return i'th' Resurrection,

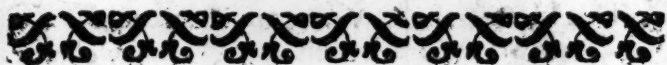


*To the Father of a very vertuous Virgin,
Deceased; who desired an obscure Person
to make an Elegy, &c.*

SIr, be advis'd ; She's not your Daughter now,
But a crown'd Saint in Heav'n's great Court, &
Must take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you
You'l be profane, if that be not Divine.
Sternhold (who kill'd the *Psalmes*, and *David* too
In Meeter and good meaning) did not do
More violence to Heav'n, than you to her,
If, whil'st you think't a kindness, you shall blur
Her Honour with my Ink : 'tis a disgrace
To set black Spots upon a glorious Face.
Disdain will burst her Coffin (sure) to have
Such dirty Feet as mine stand on her Grave.
Besides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verse,
Tears without measure best become her Hearse.
The talking Book is shallow, still we see
Great Sorrows, like deep Rivers, silent be.
Were I *Apollo's* Priest indeed, and fit
To send a Poem up in flames of Wit,

Yet

Yet I'm but one ; Sir, to her Altar's due
 Whole Hectombs of Verse, and Poets too.
 Go search *St. Paul's* Church-yard, 'imploy choice
 To scan all Epitaphs and Elegies ; (eyes
 All the rich Fancies, sacred Raptures, all
 The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall
 On spotless Virgins Tombs : then make your claim
 Print and devote them to your Daughters name.
 Those vast *Hyperboles*, those lofty Notes,
 Which crackt the Muses Voices, rent their throats ;
 Offended scrup'lous Readers, made them think
 Poetry only strong Lines, and strong Drink,
 Allayed by her merit, soon will be
 Reduc'd to sober Truth, and Modesty.
 But stay, this counsel is but simple stuff,
 (*Englands* Divine) *Reynolds* hath done enough :
 His Sermon is her Monument in print,
 And hath more Honour than all Poems in't.
 That doth not only speak her Saint, and more,
 Can make him one too, who but reads it o're.
Reynolds records her Saint, and you may hope
 That's more than canonizing by a Pope.



I N
M E M O R Y
O f M^{rs}. E. T.

Who dyed *April 7. 1659.*

It was the Spring, and Flowers were in contest,
Whose smells should first reach Heav'n, and
please it best;

Then did *Eliza's* sweetness so surpass
All Rival Virgins, that she sent for was.

'Twas *April* when she dy'd; no Month so fit,
For Heav'n to be a Mourner in, as it.

'Twas *Easter* too; that time did Death devise
Best for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.

It was the Spring; The way betwixt Heaven and Earth
Was sweetened by her passage, by the Birth

Of early Flowers, which burst their Mothers womb,
Resolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb.

It was the Spring; between the Earth and Sky,
To please her Soul as it was passing by,

Birds

Birds fill'd the Air vvith Anthems, every nest
 Was on the Wing, to chaunt her to her Rest;
 Not a Pen-fethered Lark, vvho ne'r try'd Wing,
 Nor Throat; but ventur'd then to fly, and sing:
 Following the Saint towards Heav'n, vvhole en-
 trance there

Damp't them, and chang'd their Notes. Then pen-
 sive Air

Diffolv'd to tears, vvhich spoil'd the fether'd Train
 And sunk them to their nests vvith grief again.

Mean time, me thought, I savv at Heav'ns fair Gate
 The glorious Virgins meet and kiss their mate.

They stood a vvhile her beauty to admire,

Then led her to her place in their ovvn Quire;

Which seem'd to be defective, untill she

Added her Sweetness to their harmony.

As Meddals scatter'd vvhen some Prince goes by,

So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.

The milky vvay too, (since she past it o're)

Methinks looks vvhiter than it vvvas before.



AN

E P I T A P H

Upon E. T.

REader, didst thou but know what sacred Dust
 Thou tread'st upon, thou'dst judg thy self un-
 Shouldst thou neglect a shower of tears to pay, (just
 To wash the Sin of thy own Feet away.
 That Actor in the Play, who looking down
 When he should cry, *O Heav'n* --- was thought a
 And guilty of a Selecium --- might have (Clown,
 Applause for such an Action o're this Grave.
 Here lies a peece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day
 Will send the best in Heav'n to fetch't away.
 Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birch
 Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth;
 Both claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd,
The Child is mine; at length they did divide:
 Heav'n took her Soul; The Earth her Corps did
 Yet not in Fee, she only holds by Lease; [seize,
 With this Proviso- - when the Judge shall call,
 Earth shall give up her share, & Heav'n have all,
 UPON



UPON

The Learned Works of the
Reverend Divine

Ed. Reynolds, D. D.

REader, who ere thou art, here thou maist find
 Within these *works*, a rare, rich, glorious mind
 Of Golden Precepts, which, alike, do shew
 What's thy Distemper, how to cure it too :
 Do pains oppress thy Body ? Sorrow Mind ?
 Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find ;
 And then no doubt, he'l grant, thy Bodies Grief
 May bring thy sinking soul some small Relief.
 Do passions over-top thy will ? Beware,
 Virtue consists not in so high a Sphere :
 If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,
 Shun thou too high, and too too low a mind. (fly,
 Pleasures are gilded Nothings, which like bubbles
 Swoln big with Emptiness so burst and die.
 Do'darkest times of ignorance draw near ?
 The rather view these weighty Lines : nor fear,
 Nor wonder much at this resplendent Light :
 Diamonds shine brightest in the Darkest night.

Then

The merchant-man sold all he had, to buy
 The rich, rare, Gospel Jewell: O then vvhy
 Art thou so backward, since that thou mayst make
 This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate?
 The foolish Virgins, when their Lord of light
 Past by, their lights were out: So that eternal night
 Was their reward, and just; for they that deem
 Pains cost of greater worth, shall ne'r be seen
 Within his Cours, who is great, good, and just.
 Is folly thus repaid? Reader, we must
 Look that it ne'r be said of thee nor I
 That our neglect should cause our light to die.

R. W.

LOOK

Another.

Look wishly, friend, thou seldom seest such men,
 Heav'n drops such Jewels down but now and
 One in an age, or Nation: oh 'tis rare, (then,
 Two *Reynoldses* should fall to *Englands* share!
 Could *Rome* but shew one such, and this were he,
 His Picture could not scape Idolatry:

Whom Papists (not with Superstitious Fire)
 Would dare to adore, we justly may admire.

R. W.

Alind.

Learning, whose Forces did dispersed lie,
 Of late alarum'd by the Enemy,
 Calling a council, did resolve at length:
 To chuse one General over all her strength:
 Divinity, who had the choice, did name
Reynolds; All voices center'd in the same:

Naw here he stands and heads such Books as bear
 Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R. W.

A N



AN

E P I T A P H

For a Godly mans Tomb.

HERE lies a piece of Christ, a Scar in Dust;
 A Vein of Gold, a *China* Dish that must
 Be us'd in Heav'n, when God shall Feast the Just.

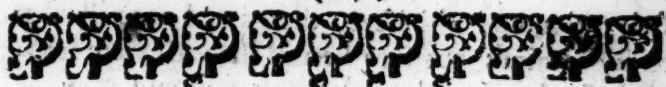
AN

E P I T A P H

For a Wicked Mans Tomb.

HERE lies the Carcase of a cursed Sinner,
 Doom'd to be Roasted, for the Devil's Dinner.

A



A Letter to a Friend.

Generous Sir,

ON Saturday last (the Day and Weather being as sad and dunpish as old *Saturn* himself) whilst I was in my Study (my Books and my self musty and melancholy) and my provisions for the next Day as poor as ever were made by Country Curate, sometimes scratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; In comes your Friendly Letter (the welcomest Quarter-matter that ever came to my House) to take up Quarters for that Gallant Mans Works (and if ever Good Works merited, they do) Doctor *Reynolds*. Sir, They no sooner entered my Study. - but all my Books seem'd to disappear, as the Stars do at the rising of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, shame, confusion, and envy, my poor Shelves discovered; Some poor Authors stood gasping --- others tumbled down, and others burst their Bindings --- resolving to break Prison, rather than stand before such a Judge of Learning. Those few Fathers (which I had) seem'd to meet in a Council, what they should do, whether stay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was so full of

Allegories

Allegories, and whimsys, they could not tell what to say to him; but sure he and they, all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they should now be ejected in their old Age. *Justin* thought that he should again be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Austin* himself fell to his Confessions and Retractions. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wisht himself again on his Pilgrimage, and my poor Countreyman *Bede* got into a corner, and fell to his Beeds. On another shelf (for I have not many) my School-men looked like School-boys, and stood with their strings untied, ready untrussed for Correction. *Aquinas* himself wished he had not such sums to reckon for: and all the Popish Authors had fell to crossing themselves, But what a case (if my stout Folios and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry--my Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, some of our own English (men of many Editions, & worthy to be bound and gilded) gave back, and thrust one another: *Dod* and *Clever* were both silenced; Doctor *Prestons* All-sufficiency pleaded Insufficiency. — *Thomas Godwin* pulled his Caps in his eyes, and became a Child of Light in Darknes. — As for *John Godwin*, he looked for a general Redemption of them all; but his Subfizer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid, at the Doctors coming in, that he and his corrected Copy, should be again sent to the House of Correction. As for

for my Pamphlets, and tracts, they crowded together; and having no manner of Cover for themselves, many of them with J. Giles Calvert hang'd for Printing them, and themselves burnt out of the way. Thus, Sir, it was with my Study: But for my self, oh how I was revived and ravished! No sooner did that Book, big with Christ, enter and salute me (pardon the allusion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers belly, leap'd for joy. No sooner did I open and taste the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightened, and I mended in an instant. The Vanity of the Creature made me serious, the Sinfulness of Sin humbled me, the Life of Christ quickned me; the 110 *Psalms* made me sing, the Lords Supper feasted me, ---- the Prophet *Hosea* inspired me, and the Passions exceedingly affected me. What shall I say or do? I cannot hold, but must fall out of trotting heavy Prose into an amble of Rhyming.

*From a kind Hand there came to enrich a place
In my poor Study,--- the rare works and Face
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds--- I receive
The Book with joy--- but no Gift (by your leave)
And for the Book, and for my self, I vow
I ne'r had Piece could make me Preach till now:
I'll pay for't (Sir) And--- (which I ne'r shall do)
When I can write such--- you shall print them too. |
Meantime I prophesie, this Volume will
Make both your Rose and Crown to flourish still.*

(50)

Sir, accept and pardon this trash, ——— next
Term I shall be in *London*, and then personally
prove what I now set my Hand to --- (*viz.*) That
I am

Yours most Cordially,

R.W.

ALAS



Alas poor Scholar!
Whither wilt thou go?

OR

*Strange Alterations which at this time be,
There's many did think they never should see:*

IN a Melancholy Study,
None but my self,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years Reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no self:
Into Learned Rags
I've rent my Plush and Satten;
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin;
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a Patten.

Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge now I must leave thee;

And follow Fate,

College hopes do deceive me;

I am expected

to have been elected,

But Desert is reprobate;

Masters of Colleges

Have no common Graces,

And they that have Fellowships

Have but common Places,

And those that Scholars are

They must have handsome faces:

Alas poor Scholar! whether wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,

And all in hope

One day to be befriended:

I have preach'd, I have printed

What ere I hinted,

To please our *English* Pope:

I worship'd towards the East,

But the Sun doth now forsake me;

I find that I am falling,

The Northern winds do shake me;

Would I had been upright;

For Bowing now will break me;

Alas poor Scholar! whether wilt thou go?

At great preferment I aimed,

VVitnels my Silk;

But now my hopes are mained;

I looked lately

To live most stately,

And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk;

But now alas!

My self I must not flatter,

Bigamy of Steeples

Is a laughing matter;

Each man must have but one,

And Curates will grow fatter.

Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Into some Country Village

Now I must go.

VVhere neither Tythe nor Tillage

The greedy Patron

And parched Matron

Swear to the Church they owe:

Yet if I can Preach,

And pray too on a sudden,

And confute the Pope

At adventure, without studying,

Then ten pounds a year,

Besides a Sunday Pudding.

(54)

All the Arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;
When the Women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane;
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted *Austin*,
He quoted *Dod and Clever*;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Beaver:
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Ships, Ships, Ships, I discover,
Crossing the Main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk, or Papist,
To *Geneva*, or *Amsterdam*?
Bishopricks are void
In *Scotland*, shall I thither?
Or follow *Windebank*,
And *Finch*, to see if either
Do want a Priest to thrive them?
O no, 'tis blustering weather.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-man Fool;
Thou hast a Trade will fit it;

Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An Apprentice to a Free-School;

There thou mayst command
By *William Lillye's* Charter;

There thou mayst whip, strip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod

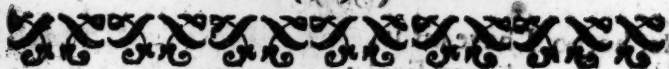
Both *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Arthur*.

I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

R. W.

D. 4

THE



THE

Norfolk and Wylsbich

COCK-FIGHT.

By R. VV.

GO you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,
 And would accounted be Cocks of the Games;
 That have brave Spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
 And count all Dinghil breed, that cannot show
 Such painted plumes as yours; which think't no vice
 With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice;
 Though Peacocks, Weathercocks, Woodcocks you
 If y^e are not Fighting Cocks y^ere not for me. (be,
 I of two feathered Combatants will write;
 And he that means to th^e life to express their Fight,
 Must make his Ink the blood which they did spill,
 And from their dying Wings must take his quill.
 No sooner were the doubtful People set,
 The Match made up, and all that would had bet;
 But straight the skilful Judges of the Play
 Brought forth their sharp-heel'd Warriors; & they
 Were both in Linnen Bags, as if't were meet
 Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-sheet.

Into

Into the Pit they'r brought, and being there
 Upon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer
 Looks stoutly at his ne'r before-seen Foe,
 And like a Challenger began to crow,
 And clap his Wings, as if he would display
 His Warlike colours, which were black and gray.
 Mean time the wary *wisbich* walks and breathes
 His active Body, and in Fury wreaths
 His comely Crest; and often looking down,
 He beats his angry Beak upon the ground.
 This done they meet, not like that coward Breed
 Of *Æsop*'s; these can better fight than feed:
 They scorn the Dunghil; 'tis their only prize
 To dig for Pearls within each others eyes.
 They fought so nimbly that 't was hard to know,
 To th'skilful, whether they did fight or no;
 If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
 Had not born witness of't. Yet fought they more,
 As if each wound were but a Spur to prick
 Their fury forward. Lightnings not more quick
 Or red, than were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know
 Whether 'twas blood, or anger made them so.
 I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood
 More safe, being walled in each others blood,
 Thus they v'y'd blows; but yer, alas, at length,
 Although their courage were full tri'd, their strength
 And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
 A wary Combat on the Sea, between
 Two angry-roaring-boiling Billows, how
 They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;

Swelling

Swelling like graves, as though they did intend
 To incomb each other, ere the quarrel end;
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,
 They are made friends & sweetly run together; (low
 May think these Champions such: their blood grows
 And they which leap'd but now, now scarce can go:
 For having left th' advantage of the Heel,
 Drunk with each others blood, they only reel;
 And yet they would fain fight: they came so near
 Methought they meant into each others ear
 To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise
 They lay and lookt blowvs into each others eyes.
 But now the Tragick part! After this fit,
 VVhen *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
 And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
 Contracting, like a Dying-Taper, all
 His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
 And now poor *Norfolk*, having lost his Eyes,
 Fights guided only by Antipathies:
 VVith him, alas! the Proverb is not true,
 The blows his eyes ne'r saw, his heart must rue:
 At last by chance, he stunneth on his Foe,
 Not having any strength to give a blow,
 He falls upon him with his wounded Head,
 And makes his Conquerors wings his Feather-bed,
 His Friends ran in, and being very chary,
 Sent in all haste to call a Apothecary:

But all in vain his body did so blister,
 That 'twas not capable of any Clyster,
 Physick's in vain, and 'twill not him restore:
 Alas poor Cock, he was let blood before.
 Then finding himself weak, op'ning his Bill,
 He calls a Scriyener, and thus makes his Will;

Imp. First of all, let never be forgot,
 My body freely I bequeath to th'Pot,
 Decently to be boyl'd; and for its Tomb,
 Let it be buried in some hungry Womb.

Item, for Executors I'll have none,
 But he that on my side laid seven to one;
 And, like a Gentleman that he may live,
 To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,
 Together with my Brains, that all may know,
 That often times his Brains did use to crow.

Item, For Comfort of those Weaker ones
 Whose wives complain of, let them have my Stones,
 For Ladies that are light, it is my Will,
 My Feathers make a Fin. And for my Bill,
 I'll give a Taylor: But 'faith 'tis so short,
 I am afraid, he'll rather curse me for't.

And for that worthy Doctor's sake, who meant
 To give me a Clyster, let my Rump be sent.

Lastly, because I find my self decay,
 I yield, and give to *Wibich* Cock the day.

R. W.

UPON

UPON THE DEATH OF

Dennis Bond, Esq;

Who dyed four Days before the
LORD PROTECTOR.

NOW whilst *whitehall* wears black, and men do
Tis Treason any Colour else to wear; (fear
Whilst Mourners, like a flock of Crows, resort
To the Great Lion's Carcase, at the Court;
Whilst the said Members of the other House
(That Mountain wch last year brought forth a Mous)
Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their VVives,
And *Thurloe* wishes he had had nine Lives;
VVhilst some lament, he dy'd without an Axe,
And fear the Funeral will cost a Tax;
VVhilst cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,
And *Ireland* cudgell'd into her *A bone*,

VVhilst

Whilst *England* put her Finger in her Eye,
 And *Welchmen* use their Leeks to make them cry;
 Whilst Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tribe
 Eycleped Mayor and Aldermen, subscribe
 (Or make their marks at least) how full of Sadness
 That *Oliver* is dead, and eke of gladness
 That *Richard* reigns! though the Slaves lie, I fear,
 For their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier:
 Whilst the sad Poetasters of the times
 Plaister the Hearse with miserable Rhymes,
 And I, poor Man, might mend my Fortune too,
 As sure as ever Lord *Hewson* mended Shoo,
 If I could baste my Muse, and make her go:
 I, by that great Ghosts/leave, am well content
 To wait upon a meaner Monument;
 Yet fit to stand by this, if not above,
 As having, though less Pomp, yet no less Love;
 'Tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *English* Squire,
 Whose worth, if my rude Fancy should aspire
 To reach the Sinews; just, pious, valiant, wise,
 Able for Counsel or for Enterprize;
 Fit to set *Cato* Copies, if alive,
 Able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive;
 Th'Alchymy of whose single Judgment could
 Convert a leaden Council into Gold.
Atlas of State! oh! if King *Charles* that's gone,
 Instead of *Digby* and old *Cottington*,
 Had had one *Dennis*; he had stood till now,
 And kept the Crown fast on his Royal Brow.

Cromwel

Cromwell could not out-live him ; So our State
 In one week lost their Pilot, and his Mate :
 And though he dy'd in's Bed, 'tis not deny'd ;
 Yet was his Head struck off when *Dennis* dy'd,
 Adieu, brave *Bond* ! My aged Muse shall burn
 Her with' red Lawrel at thy sacred Urn.
 Live thine own Monument, and scorne a Stone ;
 Marbles themselves have flaws, thy Name has none,
 That plat of Earth which grasps thee in her womb,
 Proud of such Treasure, swells into a Tomb.
 When the next Parliament together come,
 And miss their Western Patriot from his room,
 Despairing that their Meeting will not speed,
 Grief will dissolve them, no Protector need.

R. W.

Upon

*Vpon some Bottles of Sack and
Claret, laid in Sand, and co-
vered with a sheet.*

ENter and seethis Tomb (Sirs) do not fear,
No Spirits, but of Wine, will fright you heres
Weep o're this Tomb, your Sorrows here may have
Wine for their sweet Companions in the Grave.

A dozen *Shakespears* here inter'd do lie ;

Two dozen *Johnsons* full of Poetry.

Did not the Mother Hogthead, from whose womb
These Babes sprang forth, burst when she saw this
Tomb,

And swell with grief? Did not the Butler sink,
To see himself turn Sexton to his Drink?

'Twere commendable Sacrilege, no doubt,
Could I come at your Grave, to steal you out:

Howe're, from this thy anxious Grave I will
Some virtuous Ashes take, wherewith I'll fill

The Glass I preach by; for I must be just,

There lies Divinity within thy Dust.

Unhappy Grape, could not one pressing do;

But now alive you must be buried too?

Sleep on, but scorn to die, immortal Liquer:

The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker:

Mean while thy Friends pray loud, that thou maist

A speedy Resurrection from the Grave. (have

AN

ESSAY

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by

His Royal Highness the Duke of York,
Against the *DUTCH*, upon *June 3, 1665.*

By the Author of *Ver Boreale.*

GOD! I conjure thee by the powerful Names
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and their
victorious Fames,

On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)

Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe

From my *Lord Chancellors* to mine below;

Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,

Thou'rt not th'old Loyal Gout, but com'st from
France,

'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,

I feel a Bonfire in my joints, which warms

And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown

Twenty years younger; Victory hath done

What puzzled Physick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,

Probatum est, will cure an *English Gout.*

Come

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet;
 They shall be *skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,
 Which now returns in dances on our Seas
 A Conqueror above *Hyperboles*.
 A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn
 Less than an *Alexander* should be born
 On her proud back; but to a Loyal Rein
 Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main:
 And conscious that she is too strait a Stage
 For *Charles* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rages,
 Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* shore
 To yield more room, Her Master must have more.
 Ingratefull Neighbours! 'twas our kinder Isle,
 With her own blood made your *Geneva* Stile
 Writ in small Print (poor States and sore perplex't)
 Swell to the (*HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS*)
 And can you besuch Snakesto sting thatbreast [in text
 VVhich in your Winter gave you warmth & rest?
 Poor *Flemish Frogs*, if your Ambition thirst
 To swell to *English* Greatness, You will burst.
 Could you believe Our Royal Head would fail
 To Nod those down, who fell before our Tail?
 Or could your *Amsterdam* by her commands,
 Make *London* carry Coals, to warm her Hands?
 A bold attempt! Pray practise it no more;
 We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store.
 It is enough; The righteous Heavens have now
 Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.
 The Sentence is --- The Surface must be ours,
 But for the bottom of the Sea 'tis yours:

Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are
Gone down to take possession of your share.

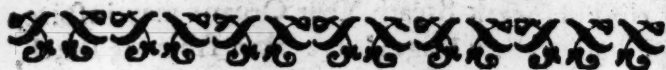
M thinks I hear great *Triton* sound a Call,
And through th^a affrighted Ocean summon all
His scaly Regiments to come and take (make;
Part of that *Feast* which *Charles* their *King* doth
Where they may glut *Revenge*, quit the old score,
And feed on those who fed on them before:
Whom when they have digested, who can find
Whether they 're fish, or flesh, or what's their kind?
Van-Cod, *Van-Ling*, *Van-Herring*, will be cry'd
A bout their Streets; All Fish so *Dutchif'd*.
The States may find their *Capers* in their Dish,
And meet their *Admirals* in butter'd Fish.
Thus they'll embody and increase their Crew;
A cunning wvay to make each Dutch-man two,
And on themselves they novv must feed or fast;
Their *Herring Trade* is brought unto its *Last*.

To the King.

Great Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit
My Loyal Zeal to run before my Wit.
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth;
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies forth,
My aims, in this attempt, are to provoke,
And kindle flames more Noble by my smok;

My

My wisp of straw may set great Wood on Fire,
 And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.
 Amongst those Flags y^e have taken from the Dutch,
 Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch;
 He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,
 And with great numbers can your Navy meet;
 His quicker Eye Your conquest can survey; [Bay,
 His Hand, *Tork's* Temples Crown with flourishing
Waller (great *Poet* and true *Prophet* too)
 Whose curious Pensil in rich Colours drew
 The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,
 (The Fishers, like their Herrings, bleeding new)
 With the same hand shall give the World the Sights
 Of what it must expect when *England* Fights.
 That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,
 Your modest *Cowley*, with your breath will flame
 And make those *Belgick Beasts* who live, aspire
 To fall your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. (Wonder
 He shall proclaim Our *JAMES* great *Neptune's*
 And like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.



THE GRATEFUL
NON-CONFORMIST,
OR

Return of Thanks to Sir J. B. Knight,
who sent the Author Ten
CROWNS.
1665.

TEN Crowns at once ! and to one man ! and he
As despicable as bad Poets be !
Who scarce has Wit (if you require the same)
To make an Anagram upon your Name !
Or to out-rhyme a Barber, or prepare
An Epitaph to serve a *Quinborough* Mayor !
A limping *Levite* ; who scarce in his prime
Could woo an *Abigail*, or say Grace in rhyme !
Ten Crowns to such a thing ! Friend is a dose
Able to raise dead *Ben*, or *Davenant*'s Nole ;
Able to make a Courtier prove a Friend ,
And more than all of them in Victuals spend ,
This free, free-Parliament, whose gift doth sound
Full five and twenty hundred thousand pound :

You

You have out-done them, for yours was your own;
And some of it shall last when theirs is gone.

Ten Crowns at once ! and now at such a time,
When Love to such as I am, is a Crime

Greater than is recorded in *Jane Shore*,

Who gave but one poor loaf to the starv' d whore ?

What, now to help a Non-Conformist ! Now

When Ministers are broke that will not bow !

When 'tis to be unblest to be ungirt !

To wear no Surplice doth deserve no shirt :

No Broth, no Meats ; no Service, no Protection ;

No Cross, no Coin ; no Coil &c, no Collection !

You are a daring Knight thus to be kind ;

If trust, *Roger* get it in the wind

Hee'l smell a Plot, a *Presbyterian* Plot,

Especially for what you gave the *Scot* !

And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack,

They'l clap a Piritor upon your back ,

Shall make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar

Of Cashier'd Red coat, or poor Scholar.

What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to ?

Was it the Doctor, or the Knight did do't ?

Did you, as Doctor, flux some Uurer ?

And with your quick, did his dull Silver stir ?

Or did your Zeal, you a Knight-Templer make,

To give the Church the booties you should take ?

Or was it your desire to beg Applause ?

Or shew affection to the good old Cause ?

Was't to feed Faction, or uphold the Stickle

Betwix the old Church and new Conventicle ?

No, none of these, but I have hit the thing,
It was because you knew I lov'd the King.

Ten Crowns at once ! Sir, you'l suspected be
For no good Protestant, you are so free-
So much at once ! sure you ne'r gave before,
Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more.
This is enough to make a man protest
Religio Medici to be the best.

The Christians, for whose sakes we are undone,
Would have cry'd out, oh ! 'tis too much for one
Either to give or take ! what needs this wast ?
Oh, how they love to have us keep a Fast !
Five private meetings, where at each, Four men
In black coats, and white caps, (you'l call them then
A team of Ministers) have tug'd all day,
Deserving Provender, but scarce got hay ;
Where I my self have drawn my part some hours,
Have not afforded such return as yours.
I'de wish them watch, and keep me sober still ;
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of will
In me, but want of wine does make me lame,
Or else I'de sacrifice them to the flame
Of a high blazing Satyr. Here's a man
Who ne'r pretended at your rates, yet can
More freely feed us, with Wine and good Dishes,
Then they (yet that's their almes) with sighs and
Oh, for a Rapture ! how shall I describe (wishes.
The love of thousands to the Reading Tribe !
Who so maintaind them, when they lost their places
They did not lose one pimple from their faces ;

But

But after all, full fraught with flesh and flagon;
 Came forth like Monks, or Priest of Bell & Dragon.
 One would have judg'd by their high looks & smells
 They had been kept in Cellars, not in Cells:
 Where they grew big and batten'd; without doubt
 Some that went Firkins in, came Hogs-heads out.
 But ours in two years time are skin and bones,
 And look like *Gran-dames*, or old *Apple Johns*.
 One *Lazarus* amongst us was too much,
 But ere't be long we all shall look like such;
 And when that comes to pass, the world shall see,
 Who are the Ghostly Fathers, they or we;
 And then our bellies (without better fare)
 Will be as empty as their Noddles are.
 Though we are silent, our guts will not be so,
 But make a Conventicle as they go;
 Poor *Colon* peace, and cease thy croaking din,
 Thou art condemn'd to be a *Chitterlin*.

Niggardly Puritans! blush at the odds
 Betwixt the *Bonnors* and the meagre *Dodds*;
 You give your Drink in thimbles, they in bowls,
 Your Church is poor *St. Faiths*, and theirs is *Pauls*;
 And whilst you P iests and Altars do despise,
 Your selves prove P iests, and we your Sacrifice.

But why do I permit my M ike to whine?
 I wish my B ethren all such cheeks as mine,
 And those that wish us well, such hearts as thine.

My Noble *Baber* I have chosen you
 For my Physician, and my Champion too;

(72)

Give me but sometimes such a dose, and I
Will ne'r with other Cordial till I die,
And then proclaim you a most Valiant Knight,
(Shew but some Mettle) though you never Fight.

A



A

P O E M

UPON THE
Imprisonment

OF

M^R. C A L A M Y

In *NEWGATE*.

This Page I send you, Sir, your *Newgate* Fate]
Not to condole, but to congratulate.

I

I envy not our Mitred men, their Places,
 Their rich Preferments, nor their richer *Faces* :
 To see them Steeple upon Steeple set,
 As if they meant that way to Heaven get.
 I can behold them take into their gills
 A dose of Churches, as men swallow Pills,
 And never grieve at it: Let them swim in Wine
 While others drown in tears, I le not repine.
 But my heart truly grudges (I confess)
 That you thus loaded are with happiness;
 For so it is: And you more blessed are
 In *Peters* Chain, than if you set in's Chair.
 One Sermon hath prefer'd you, so much Honour,
 A man could scarce have had from Bishop *Benner* ;
 Whilst we (your Brethren) poor Erratics be,
 You are a glorious fixed Star we see.
 Hundreds of us turn out of House and Home ,
 To a safe Habitation you are come.
 What though it be a Goal? Shame and Disgrace
 Rise only from the Crime, not from the place.
 Who thinks reproach or injuries is done
 By an Eclipse to the unspotted *Sun* ?
 He only by that black upon his brow
 Allures Spectators more ; and so do you.
 Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod,
 And prize the Prison, where my Keeper's *God* :

Newgate or *Hell* were *Heav'n*, if *Christ* were
there,

He made the *Stable* so and *Sepulcher*.

Indeed the place did for your presence call;

Prisons do want perfuming most of all.

Thanks to the *Bishop*, and his good *Lord Mayor*,
Who turn'd the *Den* of *Thieves* into a *House* of
Prayer:

And may some *Thief* by you converted be,

Like him who suffer'd in *Christ's* company.

Now would I had sight of your *Mittimus*;

Pain would I know why you are dealt with thus.

Jaylor, set forth your *Prisoner* at the *Bar*,

Sir, you shall hear what your offences are.

First, it is prov'd that you being dead in *Law*

(As if you ear'd not for that death a *straw*)

Did vwalk and haunt your *Church*, as if you'd
skare

Avvay the *Reader* and his *Common-Prayer*.

Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only vwalk,

But like a *Puritan* your *Ghost* did talk.

Dead, and yet *Preach*! these *Presbyterian* slaves

Will not give over *Preaching* in their *Graves*.

Item, You play'd the *Thief*, and it's be so,

Good reason (*Sir*) to *Newgate* you shall go:

And now you're there, some dare to swear you are

The greatest *Pick pocket* that e're came there:

Your

Your Wife too, little better than your self you
make,

She isth' Receiver of each Purse you take,

But your great Theft, you act it in your Church,

(I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,

That's crime *Canonical*) but you did pray

And preach, so that you stole mens hearts away.

So that good man to whom your place doth fall,

Will find they have no heart for him at all :

This Felony deserv'd Imprisonment.

What can' you *Non-conformists* be content

Sermons to make except you preach them too ;

They that your places have, this Work can do.

Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout

For all good men, you leave the Bishops out :

This makes Seer *Sheldon* by his powerful spell

Conjure and lay you safe in *Newgate* hell :

Would I were there too, I should like it well.

I would you durst swap punishment with me ;

Pain makes me fitter for the company

Of roaring boys ; and you may lie in bed ,

Now your Name's up ; pray do it in my stead,

And if it be deny'd us to change places,

Let us for sympathy compare our cases ;

For if in suffering we both agree ,

Sir, I may challenge you to pity me :

I am the older *Goal* bird ; my hard fate

Hath kept me twenty years in *Criplegate* ;

Old *Bishop Gout*, that Lordly proud disease ,

Took my fat body for his *Diocess*,

Wher^e

Where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb,
 And makes them (*Levite-like*) conform to him;
 Severely he doth Article each joyn't,
 And makes enquiry into every point:
 A bitter enemy to preaching; he
 Hath half a year sometimes suspended me;
 And if he find me painful in my Station,
 Down I am sure to go next Visitation:
 He binds up, looseth; sets up and pulls down;
 Pretends he draws all humours from the Crown:
 But I am sure he maketh such ado,
 His humours trouble Head and members too:
 He hath me now in hand, and ere he goes,
 I fear for *Hereticks* he'll burn my toes.
 O! I would give all I am worth, a fee,
 That from his jurisdiction I were free.

Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree,
 One Bishop clapt up you, another me:
 But oh! the difference too is very great,
 You are allow'd to walk, to drink and eat;
 I want them all, and never a penny get.
 And though you be debarr'd your liberty,
 Yet all your Visitors I hope are free,
 Good Men, good Women, and good Angels come
 And make your Prison better than your home.
 Now may it be so till your foes repent
 They gave you such a rich Imprisonment.
 May for the greater comfort of your lives,
 Your lying in be better than your Wives.

May

May you a thousand friendly papers see,
 And none prove empty, except this from me.
 And if you stay may I come keep your door,
 Than farewell Parsonage, I shall ne'r be poor.

ON



ON THE
DEATH
OF
M^R. CALAMY:

*Not known to the Author of a long time
after. Anno 1667.*

ANd must our Deaths be silenc'd too ! I guess
'Tis some dumb Devil hath possess'd the Press,
Calamy dead without a Publication !
'Tis great injustice to our *English* Nation,
For had this Prophet's Funeral been known,
It must have had an Universal Groan,
Afflicted *London* would then have been found
In the same year to be both burn'd and drov'n'd;
And

And those who found no Tears their flames to
quench,

Would yet have wept a Shower, his Horse to
drench,

Methinks the Man who stuffs the Weekly Sheet,
With fine New-Nothings, what hard Names did
meet,

The Empress, how her Petticoate was lac'd,
And how her Lacquies Liveries were fac'd ;
What's her chief woman's Name ; what *Dem* do
bring

Almonds and figs to *Spain's* great little King :
Is much concern'd if the Pope's toe but akes,
When he breakes Wind, and when a Purge he
takes ;

He who can gravely advertise, and tell,
Where *Lockier* and *Rowland Pippin* dwell ;
Where a Black-Box or Green-Bag was lost ;
And who was knighted, though not what it cost :
Methinks he might have thought it worth the
while,

Though not to tell us who the State beguile.
Or what new Conquest *England* hath acquired ;
Nor that poor Trifle who the City fired ;
Though nor how Popery exalts its head,
And Priests and Jesuits their Poyson spread ;
Yet in swoln Characters he might let fly,
The Presbyterians have lost an Eye.

Hal

Had *Crackf* ——— 'Fiddle been in tune, (but he
 Is now a silenc'd Man as well as We)
 He had struck up loud Musick, and had plaid
 A Jig for joy that *Calomy* was laid;
 He would have told how many Coaches went;
 How many Lords and Ladies did lament;
 What Hand-kerchiefs were sent, and in them Gold
 To wipe the Widows eyes, he would have told;
 All had come out, and we beholden all
 To him, for th'overflowing of his gall.

But why do I thus rant without a cause?
 Is not Concealment Policy? whose Laws
 My silly peevish Muse dote ill to oppose;
 For publick Losses no Man should disclose:
 And such was this, a greater loss by far,
 One Man of God than twenty Men of War;
 It was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd;
 Wept over him, and and Father, Father cry'd
 O if thy Life and Ministry be done,
 My Chariots and Horsemens strength is gone.
 I must speak sober words, for well I know
 If Saints in Heaven do hear us here below,
 A lye, though in his Praise, would make him frown,
 And chide me, vvhhen vvith *Jesus* he comes down
 To judg the VVorld. ——— This little little He;
 This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,
Aldermanbury's, Curate, and no more,
 Though he a mighty Miter might have vvore,

F

Could

Could have vi'd Interest in God or Man;
 VVith the most pompous Metropolitan :
 How have we known him captivate a throng;
 And make a Sermon twenty thousand strong;
 And though black mouths his Loyalty did charge,
 How strong his tug was at the Royal Barge,
 To hale it home, great *GEORGE* can well attest,
 Then, when poor Prelacy lay dead in 'ts nest;
 For if a Collect could not fetch him home,
Charles must stay out, that Interest was mum.
 Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make
 Him serve the Crown, it was for Conscience sake.
 Unbribed Loyalty ! his highest reach
 VVas to be Master *Calamy*, and preach.
 He bless'd the King, who Bishop him did name,
 And I bless him who did refuse the same.
 O ! had our Reverend Clergy been as free
 To serve the Prince without Reward, as he,
 They might have had less VVealth with greater
 Envy, like winds, and dangers things above. (Love :
 VVorth, not Advancement, doth beget esteem;
 The highest wrathercock the least doth seem.
 If you would know of what disease he dy'd
 His grief was Chronical it is reply'd.
 For had he opened been by Surgeons art,
 They had found *London* burning in his heart ;
 How many Messengers of death did he
 Receive with Christian Magnanimity !
 The Stone, Gout, Dropsie, Ills which did arise
 From Grievs and Studies, not from Luxuries ;

The

The Megrim too, which still strikes at the Head;
 These he stood under, and scarce staggered,
 Might he but work, though loaded with these
 Chains,

He Pray'd and Preach'd, and sung away his pains?

Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead,

And though that blow he ne're recovered,

(For he remained speechless to his close)

Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for those

From whom he had that wound: he liv'd to hear

An hundred thousand buried in one Year,

In this dear City, over which he wept,

And many Fasts to keep off Judgments kept;

Yet, yet he liv'd, stout heart, he liv'd to be

Depriv'd, driv'n out, and kept out, liv'd to see

Wars, Blazing-Stars, Torches, which Heav'n ne'er
 burns,

But to light Kings or Kingdoms to the Urns.

He liv'd to see the Glory of our Isle,

London, consumed in its Funeral Pile.

He liv'd to see that lesser day of Doom,

London, the Priests Burnt sacrifice to *Rome*;

That blow he could not stand, but with that Fire,

As with a Burning Feaver, did expire.

Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it must be said,

He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed.

So Father *Eli* in the Sacred page

Sat quivering with fear, as much as age,

Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News,

How it far'd with the Army of the *Jews*.

(84)

Israel flies; that struck his Palsic-head ;
The next blow stunned him, *Your Sons are dead ;*
But when the third stroke came, *The Ark is lost ;*
His heart was wounded, and his life it cost.

Thus fell this Father, and we well do know
He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

THE

The EPITAPH.

Here a poor Minister of Christ doth lie,
 Who did **INDEED** a Bishoprick deny.
 When his Lord comes, then, then the World shall see
 Such humble Ones, tee rising-Men shall be.
 How man Saints whom he had sent before,
 Shouted t see him enter Heavens door,
 There his, blest Soul beholds the face of God,
 While we below groan at our Ichabod.
 Vnder his burned-Church his Body lies,
 But shall it self a glorious Temple rise:
 May his kind flock whe n a new Church they make,
 Call it St. Edmundsbury for his sake;

R. W.



THE

Loyal-Non-Conformist,

OR

An Account what he dare swear and what
he dare not swear.

Published in the year, 1666.

I Fear an Oath, before I swear to take it ;
And well I may, for 'tis the Oath of God :
I fear an Oath, when I have sworn, to break it ;
And well I may, for Vengeance hath a Rod.

And yet I may swear, and must too 'tis due
Both to my Heav'nly, and my Earthly King ;
If I assent, it must be full and true ;
And if I promise I must do the thing.

I am no *Quaker*, not at all to swear;
 Nor *Papist*, to swear East, and mean the West;
 But am a *Protestant*, and shall declare
 What *I cannot*, and what *I can* protest.

I never will endeavour Alteration
 Of Monarchy, nor of that Royal Name,
 Which God hath chosen to command this Nation,
 But will maintain his Person, Crown and Fame;

What he commands, if *Conscience* say not nay,
 (For *Conscience* is a greater King than he)
 For *Conscience-sake*, not *Fear*, I will obey ;
 And if not *Active*, *Passive* I will be.

I'll pray that all his Subjects may agree.
 And never more be crumbled into parts ;
 I will endeavour that his Majestie
 May not be King of *Clubs*, but King of *Hearts*;

The *Royal Oak* I swear I will defend ;
 But for the *Ivy* which doth hug it so,
 I swear that is a Thief and not a friend,
 And about Steeples fitter far to grow.

The Civil-Government I will obey ;
 But for Church-Policy I swear I doubt it ;

And if my Bible want th.^e *Apocrypha*,
I'll swear my Book may be compleat without it.

I dare not swear Church-Government is right
As it should be; but this I dare to swear,
(If thou should put me to't) the Bishops might
Do better, and be better than they are.

Nor will I swear for all that they are worth;
That Bishopricks will stand, and Doomsday see;
And yet I'll swear the Gospel holdeth forth
Christ with his Minister still then will be.

That *Peter* was a *Prelat* they aver;
But I'll not swear 't when all is said and done;
But I dare swear, and hope I shall not err,
He preach'd a hundred Sermons to their one.

Peter a Fisher was, and he caught Men:
And they have Ners, and in them catch Men too;
Yet I'll not swear they are alike, for then
He caught he sav'd: these catch, and them un-
do.

I dare not swear that Courts Ecclesiastick
Do in their Laws make just and gentle Votes;
But

But I'll be sworn that *Burton, Pryn* and *Bastwick*
Were once *Ear-witnesses* of harsher Notes.

Archdeacons, Deans and Chapters are brave men,
By Canon, not by Scripture : but to this,
If I be call'd, I'll swear, and swear agen,
That no such *Chapter* in my Bible is,

Li not condemn those *Presbyterians*, who
Refused *Bishopricks*, and might have had 'em;
But *Mist'ris Calamy* I'll swear doth do
As well as if she were a *Spiritual Madam*.

I will not swear, that they who this Oath take,
Will for Religion e're lay down their Lives;
But I will swear they will good *Juglers* make,
Who can already swallow down such *Knives*,

For Holy Vestments I'll not take an Oath
Which Linnen most Canonical may be;
Some are for *Lawn*, some *Holland*, some *Scotts*
cloath;

And *Hemp* for some is fitter than all three.

Paul had a *Cloak*, and *Boots*, and *Parchments* too;
But that he wore a *Surplice* I'll not swear,
Nor that his *Parchments* did his *Orders* shew,
Or in his *Books* there was a *Common Prayer*.

I owe assistance to the King by Oath;
 And if he please to put the Bishops down,
 As who knows what may be, I should be loth
 To see *Tom Becket's* Miter push the Crown,

And yet Church Government I do allow,
 And am contented Bishops be the men;
 And that I speak in earnest, here I vow
 Where we have one, I wish we might have ten.

In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,
 And seek the Peace and Welfare of the Nation :
 If this won't do, I know not what to say,
 But farewell *London*, farewell *Corporation*.

R. W.

THE

THE
RECANTATION
OF A
Penitent PROTEUS;
OR
The CHANGLING;

As it was acted with good Applause
in St. *Maries* in Cambridge,
and St. Pauls in
London,
1663.

To the Tune of Dr. Faustus.

LONDON,
Reprinted in the Year
1668.

THE
RECAPITULATION

OF THE PROGRESS

OF

THE CHANGING

As it was found with good Appointments
in the City of Cambridge

and St. Paul in

London

1788

To the Hon. of the House of Commons

By

James Oglethorpe

1788



*Proteus his penal Resolution, speaking
alone in the Tiring-house, before his
entring the Pulpit.*

O H I am almost mad, 'twould make one so,
To see which way *Preferments* game doth go;
I ever thought I had her in the *Wind*,
And yet I'm cast above *three years* behind.

Three times already I have turn'd my Coat;
Three times already I have chang'd my Note;
I'll make it *four and four and twenty more*,
And turn the *Compass* round ere I'll give ore.

Love to *Church-members* I will give no more;
For now I'll only court the *Scarlet Whore*.
I'll ask the *Bishops* blessing; and good night
To *Thomas GooTyn*, and his *Child of Light*.

Poor

Poor man he wears his Caps too much in's eyes
 To be my Guide, No, I must be *more wise*,
 On all my *Brethren* I will look awry,
 And cry, *Stand farther off to Philip Nye*.

Ambition, my great Goddess and my Muse,
 Inspire thy *Prophets* all such Arts to use,
 As may exalt; Betwixt this and my Grave
 A *Miter*, or a *Halter*, I must have.

Tell me (*Ambition*) prethee tell me why
 So many *Dunces* Doctors and not I?
 A *Scarlet Gown* I must and will obtain,
 I cannot else commence a *Priest in grain*.

Among the Doctors I can get no room
 Till I *recant*; that is my shameful doom.
Hang shame, I'll do it, and my ends to gain,
 I'll *cant*, *re-cant*, and *re-recant* again.

Now help me great *Ambition*, for thy sake
 To *break my sleep*, to *break my Brains*, to *break*
 My *Faith* and *Oaths*, and so to act my part,
 That men may think I have a *broken Heart*.

When I do preach my *tears do trickle down*;
 But in my *sleeve* (my *Cassock sleeves* and *Gown*)
 I *laugh*, to think how by my *whining trade*
 So many *Fools* in one day I have made.

Help me, my *Muse*, a new Song I desire
 By thee may be prepared for the *Quire*,
 That when the *Recantation Sermon*'s done,
 This *Penitential Anthem* may be sung.

But yet one thing ere I begin, I crave
 A benefit, which Poets use to have,
 That now and then, to make my Rimes agree;
 What ends in *Lie*, may be pronounced *LEE*.

The Second Part.

Or, the

Changling in the Pulpit.

To the same Tune.

Attend good People, lay by scoffs and scorns,
 Let *Round-heads* all this day pull in their
Horns,

But let *Conformists* and brave *Cavaliers*
 Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.

Take

Take from my neck this *Robe*, a *Rope*'s more fit,
 And turn this *Surplice* to a *Penance-sheet*,
 This *Pulpit* is too good to act my part,
 More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a *Cast*:

There I deserv'd t'have taken my degree,
 And Doctor *Dun* should have presented me;
 There with an *Hempen-Hood* I should be sped,
 And his *three-corner'd Cap* should crown my head.

Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,
 And of the *Beast* to give my self the *brand*;
 Here by confessing I have been it'h v'wrong,
 I come to bore my self through my o'vn tongue.

In Learning my poor Parents brought up me,
 And sent me to the *Universitie*;
 There I soon found *bowing* the v'way to *rise*;
 And th'only *Logick* vvas the *Falacies*.

Instead of *Aristoteles Organon*,
 Anthems and Organs I did study on;
 If I could play on them, I soon did find,
 I rightly had Preferment in the *wind*.

I follow'd that hot sent without controul,
 I bow'd my body, and I sung *Fa Sol*;
 I cozen'd Doctor *Conzens*, and ere long
 A Fellowship obtained for a *Song*.

Then

Then by degrees I climb'd until I got
 Good Friends, good Cloaths, good Com^{mo}is, and
 what not?

I got so long, until at length I got
 A Wexch with Child, and then I got a blot.

Before the *Consistory* I was try'd,
 Where like a Villain I both swore and ly'd,
 And from the *whore* I made I was made free,
 By purging of my self *Incontinent* - L E E.

But as I scorn'd to father mine own Brat,
 'Twas done to me as I had done with That;
 The Doctors all, when Doctor I would be,
 As a base son, refus'd to father me.

With much ado, at length by art and cunning,
 My Tears and Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*
 Me to adopt; and for his love and care,
 I will devote my self to *Peter's Chair*.

Cambridge I left with grief and great disgrace,
 To seek my fortune in some other place;
 And that I might the better save my stake,
 I took an Order, and did Orders take.

Amongst *Conformists* I my self did list,
 A *Sonoth Church* as good as ever pist.
 But though I bow'd, and cring'd, and crost and all,
 I only got a Vicarage vry small.

Ere I was warm (and warm I ne're had bin
 In such a *starved hole* as I was in)
 A *Fire* upon the Church and Kingdom came ;
 Which I straight helpt to blow into a *flame*.

The Third Part.

MY Conscience first, like *Balaam's Ass*, was
 shy,
 Bogled and wine'd ; which when I did espy,
 I cudgeld her, and spur'd her on each side,
 Until the Jade her paces all could ride.

When first I mounted on her tender back ,
 She would not leave the *Protestants dull Rack*,
 Till in her mouth the *Cov'nant Bit* I got ,
 And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*;

'Twas an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas)
 The *Independant Amble* easier was,
 I taught her that, and out of that to fall
 To the *Tantivy* of *Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack.
 Of Arguments for th' *Cov'nant* on her back.
 That Journey she perform'd at such a rate ,
 Th' *Committee* gave me a rich *piece of Plate*.

From

From *Hatfield* to *St. Albans* I did ride;
 The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide*;
 There I so spur'd her, that I made her fling;
 Not onely dirt, but blood upon my King.

When *Cromwel* turn'd his Masters out by force,
 I made the Beast draw like a *Brewers horse*;
 Under the *Ramp* I made her wear a *Crooper*,
 And under *Lambert* she became a *Trooper*.

When Noble *Monk* the KING did home conveigh,
 She (like *Darius Steed*) began to neigh.
 I taught her since to *Organ Pipes* to prance,
 As *Banks* his Horse could to a *Fiddle* dance.

Now with a *Snaffle*, or a *twined thread*,
 To any *Government* she'll turn her head:
 I have so broke her, she doth never start,
 And that's the meaning of my broken heart.

I have found out a cunning way with ease,
 To make her cast her Coat when ere I please;
 And if at *Rack* and *Manger* she may be,
 Her *Colts tooth* she will keep most Wanton. L E E

I'll change as often as the *Man i'ch Moon*;
 (His frequent *Changing* makes him rise so soon)
 To eat *church Plumb-broth* ere it all be gone,
 I'll have the *Devil's spoon* but I'll have One.

For many years my Tongue did *lick the Ramp*;
 But when I saw a KING was turn'd up *Trump*,
 I did resolve still in my hand to have
 One winning *Csrd*, although 'twere but a *Knave*.

If the *Great Turk* to England come, I can
 Make *Gospel* truckle to the *Alchoran*;
 And if their *Turkish Sabbaths* should take place,
 I have in readiness my *Friday* face.

If lockt in iron Chest (as we are told)
 A *Load-stone* their great *Mahomet* can hold
 The *Load-stone* of *Preference* (I presage)
 To *Mahomet* may draw this *Iron Age*,

The *Congregation* way best pleas'd my mind;
 There were more *Shees*, and the most free and kind;
 By *Chamber Practice* I did better thrive,
 Than all my *Living*s, though I skimmed *five*.

Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to see,
 With tears I cry, *Good People* pardon me;
 My *Reverend Fathers* Pardon I do crave,
 And hope my *Afothers* *Blessing* yet to have.

My *Cambridge* sins, my *Eugden* sins are vile,
 My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Ely Isle*.
 My *Leicester* sins, my *Hatfield* sins are many,
 But my *St. Albans* sine more red than any.

(101)

To *CHARLES the First* I was a bloody for;
with I do not serve the *Second* so:
The only way to make me leave that trick,
Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*.

This is *St. Andrews Eve*, and for his sake
A *Bishoprick* in *Scotland* I could take;
And though a *Metropolitan* there be,
I'd be as *Sharp*, and full as *Arch* as he.

Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,
Let others call't a *Sermon*, I a *Plot*;
A *Plot* that takes if it believed be;
If not I shall repent *Unfained L E E*.

I must desire the *crack-fart* of the Nation;
With *rev'rence* to let fly this *Recantation*;
Our Names ty'd tail to tail, make a *sweet change*,
Mine only is *Strange-Lee*, and his *Le-strange*.

G 3

THE



THE
 PORING DOCTOR,
 OR

*The Gross mistake of a Reverend Son of the
 Church, in bowing at the Name of Judas at
 St. Pauls, November 5. 1663.*

THe Papists; God wot,
 Made a notable Plot
 Against the Church and the State;
 Which some with good reason,
 Call Gunpowder-Treason,
 Discover'd ere 'twas too late;

Those who before,
 Had weltr'd in gore
 Of Protestant Martyrs slain;
 Resolv'd with one breath,
 Of Hell beneath,
 To blow up all by a Train.

The *Bishops*, good men,
 Were in jeopardy then;
 The *Lords*, the *Commons*, the *King*;
Religion, and *Laws*,
 For the *Catholick Cause*
 To be made a *Burnt Offering*,

Thus swell'd with dispiht,
 To raise darkness and night;
 Heav'n caused the brood to miscarry;
 That day big with *Thunder*,
 Held forth Mercies wonder,
 And therefore kept *Anniversary*.

You the present *Lord Mayor*,
 And *Brethren* repair,
 With the several *Corporations*,
 To *Pauls Church* to pray,
 And solemnize the *Day*
 That so seasonably saved *three Nations*.

But good *Doctor*----
 When he came before ye
 The Sacred Gospel to read,
 At *Judas* his name,
 (O horrible shame!)
 He bowed his Reverend head,

Some say that his *fight*
 (Poor man) is not right,
 I wish that it be no worle;
 But others think *he*,
 To Judas bow'd th' *knee*,
 For love he bears to the *Purse*.

His *worship* made doubt,
 Where the battle was fought,
 When *Michael* did prevail;
 But to me it is clear,
 For an *hundred a year*
 He'l bow to the *Dragon's Tail*.

Twelve Spiritual Promotions,
 A head full of *Notions*,
 With stomach more sharp than a *Scythe*,
 Some of *Bishopsgate* there
 Perhaps did appear,
 Whose *Cloaths* were pawn'd for his *Tythe*.

These things set before,
 And some small reasons more,
 His slender wit had overthrown,
 Nor can he tell how,
 To read, cring or bow,
 By any one's Book but his own.

What then shall we say,
 Can he *Preach*, can he *Pray*,
 Or put to *rebuke* the *Gainsayer*,
 Who in reading the Word,
 Discerns not our *Lord*
 From him that was his *betray*er ?

Sure this *doting Fool*,
 Must once more to School
 Before his return to the *Altar*,
 Such another *mistake*,
 May possibly make
 His *neck* to deserve a Silk *H---*

(101)

Will you find a way
Can the people, can the
Will you find a way
Will you find a way
Will you find a way

Will you find a way
Will you find a way
Will you find a way
Will you find a way
Will you find a way

THE

THE
FAIR QUARREL;

By way of Letter,

Between Mr. *VVanley*, a Son of the
Church; and Dr. *Wilde*,
a *Non-conformist*.

Published in the Year, 1666.



LONDON,

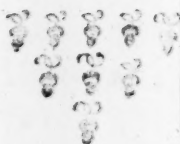
[Re-printed in the Year 1670.

THE
FAIR QUARREL,

By way of Letter,

Between Mr. W. Naylor, a son of the
Church; and D. W. Williams,
a Non-conformist.

Published in the Year 1666.



1666

Re-printed in the Year 1670.



*Mr. Nathan Wanley to D. Wild, who was
laid aside for Non conformity.*

SO the bright Taper useless burns
To private and recluded Urns.
So Pearls themselves to Shells confine,
And Gems in the Seas bottom shine,
As thou, my *WILD*, while thou dost lye
Fuddled up in thy privacy,
And only now and then dost send
A Letter to a private Friend;
Take once again thy Lyre, and so
Let thy selected Numbers flow,
As when thy solemn Muse did prove
To sing the Funeral of *Love*;
Or, as when with the Trump of fame
Thou didst sound forth great *George's* name,
In such a strain, as might it be,
Did speak thy self as great as he.
For while great *Cowley* seeks the shade,
And *Denham's* noble Wit's mislaid;
When *Davenant's* weary Quill lies by,
And yields no more of *Lumbarde*;

While

While the sweet Virgin *Muses* be
 By *Wild* led int^e a Nunnerie;
 While thus *Apollo's* Priests retire,
 The Females do begin t^easpire,
 Pretending they have found a flayv
 In great *Apollo's* Salique Lavv;
 These grasp at Lavvrel, only due
 To such as I have nam'd, and you.

Dr. Wild to the Ingenious
Mr. Wanley.

WHat jolly Shepherds voice is this
 Would tempt me from my private bliss,
 After his Pipe to dance, while Thunder
 Threatens to rend that Oak in sunder,
 Under whose boughs in fairer days
 We sate secure, and sang the Praise
 Of our great *Pan*, whose care did keep
 The pleasant Shepherds and their Sheep?
 Is this a time with vvanton strains
 To whistle forth the Nymphs and Svains
 To sport and dance, while Wolf and Fox
 Lye lurking to devour our Flocks,
 And *Romes* Sheep-stealers ready stand
 To give them their red letters brand?
 Dost thou not knowv, my sanguine Son,
 What th^e *Plague* and *Fire* have lately done?

London

London hath sent up such a *smoak*,
 As may the *Angels* voices choak,
 And make tears big enough, to vent
 Tears in a deluge, to lament
 The *raging fury* of that *Flame*,
 But more of those that *made* the same.
 And when *St. Paul* has lost his *Quires*
 'Twere *Sacrilege* to touch my *Lyre*.
 None but a *moniter Nero* may
 Over a burning *City* play.
 Nor would I sing, were I a *few*,
 To please a *Babylonish crew*.
 Now since the time for sorrow cries,
 In this I freely temporize,
 So the bright *Stars* draw in their light,
 When *Clouds* club for an ugly night.
 So all the *Birds* of musick sleep
 On stormy days, and Silence keep.
 So *Frost-nipt* *Roses* droop and fall,
 Perfuming their own *Funeral*.
 So you have seen a well-run'd *Lyre*
 Swelling it self with grief and ire,
 In gloomy air, each heart-broke string
 Its own passing-bell doth ring.
 So when *Bellona's* *Trumper* sounds,
 Our softer *Muses* Musick droovns.
 Sir, by my many *loes* you know
 My Poetry is but *so so*.
 But vvhy dost thou disdain or fear,
 That *Female* brovvs should *Lavvrel* wear?

Hast thou forgot that Noble Tree

It self was made out of a *she* ?

The Muses and the Graces all

We of the *Female Gender* call ;

And so if you have not more care

You'l find the *Furies* likewise are.

Nor would I have you wonder why

Our Poets *all* *amort* do lye,

When *Claret* and *Canary* cease,

The Wits will quickly hold their peace.

Vintners and *Poets* fall together,

If once the *Ivy-Garland* wither

Sweet *Cowley* thought (as well he might)

He should have shin'd in *Phæbus* fight ;

But Clouds appear'd, and he that made

Account of *Juno*, found a shade ;

And though on *Dauids Harp* he plaid,

The *evil Spirit* can't be laid :

Therefore the Groves and Shades he loves,

And his own *Secretary* proves.

Your next mans temples *Lawrel* scorns :

Since greater pride his brow adorns.

He to *Parnass* bears no good will,

Because it proves a *horned hill*.

The very thoughts whereof I dread

Will ne'er be got out of his head.

Gondibert's silent I suppose,

Because his Muse sings *through the nose*

One syllable of which poor he

Did lose by an *Apocope*.

wild

Wild sayes, kind *Wanley* you'r to blame
 Amongst these *Swans* his *Goose* to name;
 Yea though his luckly *gagling* yawl
 Once help'd to save one *Capital*;
 His *love* to *Love* then made him fear
 His *neck*, not *brow*, a *Wreath* should wear?
 Next he did on a *Loyal* string
 His *Georgicks* and his *Carols* sing;
 But now because he cannot toot
 To *Organ* tunes; he's made a *mute*;
 And though alive; condemn'd to death:
 Therefore, *dear Sir*, in vain your breath;
 Although perfum'd and hot, does come,
 To blow wind in a *dead mans* *bumbe*;
 Yet as a grateful *Legacy*,
 He leaves to thee his *Nunnery*,
 Not doubting but if need require
 Thoult prove an *able* *loving* *Erjor*.

H

E. M. S.

2. Mr. *Wanley* to Dr. *Wild*.

WHat sullen wary Shepherds voice is this,
That won't be tempted from his private
bliss,

But arbor'd up in *Eglantine*, while Thunder
Threatensto rend and rive that *Oak* in sunder,
Under whose boughs himself in tairer days
Did sit secure with us, and sang the praise
Of that great *Pan*, whose watchful care did keep
At once the pleasant Shepherds to retreat,
And seek out *Coveres* from the scorching heat?
Is this a time for an *inglorious sloth*
To hug it self, not daring to peep forth
Into the open field, while th'crafty *Fox*
Lurks in the bushes to devour our *Flocks*,
And *wolves* of *Romulus* are grown so bold,
To fright the silly Sheep ev'n in their Fold?
Dost thou not know what *crops* the *Plague* has
made,

And, *Sampson*-like, *heaps upon heaps* has laid?
That if Heav'n's wrathful Anger thus proceed,
There will no *Flocks* be left for thee to feed.
London has sent up such a darkning smoak,
And shall it too the Angels voices choak?
Shall it make Clouds so thick and dark, that we
Shall never more the publick *Censers* see?

'Tis

'Tis *Sacrilege* to rob the Church and thence
 Since you have stole your self, vvhat's your offence?
 When the *white Harvest* for more *Reapers* cries
 How canst thou freely sit and *temporize*?
 So Stars reserve themselves for pitchy night,
 When *Phœbus* pouders all his locks with light,
 So feral Birds delight to sit alone,
 Till the Days glories are packt up and gone.
 So Roses fall in *June* when frosts are past,
 And on dull earth lye blushing out their last;
 So the Musician smothers his *Sol fa*,
 When he's entreated for to sing or play.
 So when the fierce *Bellona's* Drums do beat,
 Who has no mind to fight, seeks his retreat.

And so I've seen a long miswonted Lyre
 Sigh its own Dirge with its own broken wire.

And seems to shiv'r at th' downfal of *Paul's*
Quire:

Say we not well, *Agues* will have their course?
 Yes, yes, they must remember with remorse
 The *Ivy Garland's* withering, dearth of Liquer,
 That would make *Caput Mortuum* the quicker.
 But why shouldst thou, kind soul, be in such fear,
 That plump *Lycens* should grow lean this year?
 Hast thou forgot how fatal the Grape-stone,
 Did whilon prove to poor *Anacreon*?
 Which of the *Muses* or the *Graces* all,
 Did ere for *Claret* or *Canary* call?

It is not sung by the *Venetian* Swain;
 How the brisk Wine gives *Horns* to the poor man?
 And if you have no greater care, no doubt
 You'll find the *Claret* will revive your *Gout*,
 And then we shall hear thy *Goose gagling* yaul
 Cry out for help to save thy *Pedestal*;
 Then we shall see thee, standing on one foot,
 Practise worse tunes than *Organs* ever toot.
 This is a vain presage; thou say'st, the Dead
 Have out-liv'd this, and have no *Gout* to dread.
 But art thou dead indeed? Though dead thou art,
 Hark how the *dead mans bum* does let a fart.
 When as my bashful Muse did to thee come,
 'Twas not so kindly done to turn thy *bum*:
 To vote her of the *Babylonish Crew*;
 And set the *Furies* on her with *ba-loo*.
 This 'tis to gad abroad, 'tis just upon her;
 Had *Diana* kept at home, shee'd sav'd her *Honor*.
 But I'm *thy Son*, and must corrected be;
 But why then dost thou turn thy *bum* to me?
 Dost think thy Son so *sanguine* and *insano*,
 To probe thee with a *Fistula* in *Ano*.
 This I should leave to any of the *crew*,
 You may believe me though I were a *Jew*.
 And may my breath be still perfum'd, why not?
 Since dead Corps smell when they begin to rot,

And

And he whose Muse such wondrous heights did fly;
 That it did seem to top the very Sky;
 And though he may have reason to be proud,
 Instead of *Juno* did imbrace a Cloud;
 May he resume King *Dauids Harp* and play
 The *Tarantul* of discontent away.

If *Denhams* has so foully been betray'd,
 And his *Inglosure* 'gainst his will survey'd:
 May he recover all his Wits and more,
 And with such keen *Iambicks* brand the *Whore*,
 That all may dread it worse then los of life,
 To turn a Poet *frantick* for his *Wife*,

Poor *Davenant's Nose* it seems is grown so
 sore,

It scarcely will abide one smart Jest more,
 Well may the *bridge* be down, when time doth
 meet

To press it with his *Satyr* cloven feet.
 And thou with thy *Apocopes* art wont
 To scatter balls of thy *wild-fire* upon't.
 But shall I not, kind *wild*, remember thee,
 Who hast bequeath'd me such a *Legacie*?
 'Tis thine for life, we know thy subtil head;
wills have no force till the *Testator's* dead;
 And that none can ought have by thy bequest
 Till thou art better dead than in a Jest:
 Nor would I that in tenderness to me
 Thou shouldst suspect thine own sufficiencie;

Enjoy it freely, since thou hast it wed,
 'Tis incest to ascend the Fathers bed,
 What though thou ownst me for thy *sanguine Child*,
 Yet I have not so much my *Sire of wild*.
 And thus far is thy *Fry* able to see
 His *Covens*'s better than thy *Nunnery*.
 He's *loving* too, 'tis true, he nothing gives,
 As thou; at his decease, but while he lives
Ten Silver Crowns let each of them send thee,
 And be so paid for all in *verse* as he.
 All these *good wishes*, such as he can spare,
 And if thou hast them, will help mend thy fare.
 May every Knight about us that's inclin'd,
 Be unto thee, as Sir *John Baber*, kind.
Ten Silver Crowns let each of them send thee,
 And be so paid for all in *Verse* as he.
 May the poor *Scholar* nere want *Sunday pudden*,
 When he's not like to *preach* for't on the *sudden*.
 May thy afflicted *Toe* nere feel the *Gout*,
 Or if it must, let the *Dutch* have a *Rout*;
 That thou maist yet (at last) once more protest
 That *Recipe* wants no *Probatum est*.
 Maist thou next send me what is worth thy *Pen*;
 May I have brains to answer it agen,
 May all that are of such *good wishes* *fullen*,
 Live till their good *Friends* bury them in *Woollen*.



Dr. *Wild* to Mr. *Wanley*.

Honestly done however, though the Stuff
 you sent be *course* the measure's *large enough*.
 The first Cup thou beganst I could not pass,
 The Wine was brisk, and in a little glass:
 But now to pledg thee I am not inclin'd,
 You *sons o' th Church* are for *large draughts* I find.
 Prithee leave off, for thou hast been so free
 In sending such a *brimmer* unto me,
 That Sunday last, long of that frolick bout,
 Thy Parish had but *half a glass* I doubt.
 Besides the drink is *small*, you've chang'd your gill
 I wish you'd kept it in your *bogs-head* still.
 Yet, upon better thoughts, *small drink* is fit
 To cool the stomach; though not help the wit;
 And that might be thy case: for certainly
 Those *salt-bits* I had sent thee *made thee dry*,
 Or *sick*, which made thee drink *small drink*, and
 strain
 To cast them undigested up again.

Twelve lines return'd the very same, that I
 Must call the *Hick up*, rather than *Reply*;

Or, by rebounding of my words, I dread
 There is some *Eccho* in thine *empty* head ;
 Or rather thou my *Cockril* art, and so
 The *young one* learneth of the *old crow*.
 Nay my brave Bird, thou dar'st spur and peck,
 I wish that *Shrovetide* hazard not thy neck :
 Now prethee *Chick* beware, for thou I find
 That thou art *right* and of the *fighting kind*,
 Yet thou art not my *Match*, and soon wilt feel
 My Gout lies in my *Toe*, not in my *Heel*.
 Take this advice before you mean to fight,
 Get your *Comb* cut , and leave your *treading*
 quite.

Thy *Barber*, or his *Wife*, if he should fail,
 Has skill to *clip thy wings*, and *trim thy tail* ;
 And thereby hangs another *Tayl*, I find
 Thy *subtile nose* hath got my *breech* 't' *th wind*.
 If thou canst catch *poor farts* that *Prison* break,
 A notable *Bumbayliff* thou wilt make.
 Hark , hark , saist thou, *he let a fart* ! what
 though?

It breaths forth *no Sedition*, Sir, I trow ;
 Nor is there any Statute of our Nation
 That sayes, in *five miles* of a *Corporation*
 If any *Outred-man* a *Fart* should vent,
 That you should apprehend the *Innocent*.
 If you so soon could smell the *Powder-Plot*,
 What had you said if I had *bullets* shot?
 Eye man ! our *mouths* were stopped long ago,
 And would you have us silent too *below* ?

But I displaid *my bum* before *thine eyes*
Unkindly thou saist, I say otherwile;
 For there thou mightst have thy *resemblance*
 took,

Dead mens blind cheeks do very *wanly* look.
 And for the *crack* it gawe, that did but mind
 thee,

To strive to leave a *good report* behind thee.

And for the *gall* which in your Ink appears,

That on our sufferings we are *Volunteers*;

I'l not say much, I have more wit than so,

'Tis *scurvy jesting* with *edg. tools* I know:

But Sir, 'tis cruelty in you, to whip

Your *Brothers back* which you did *help to Strip*.

Yet thus your Grandfire *Levi* did before,

Who *kill'd those*, whom his *Cov'nant* had made
fore.

And you know who they were that gave the
 blow

And then cry'd *Prophecie* who *smote thee so*?

We durst not keep our *Living*s for our *lives*,

But *they must needs go* whom the *Devil drives*.

Yea but we left our Harvest, left our Sheep,

And *would not work in one, nor th'other keep*.

I answer. No great *Harvest* yet appears.

I'm sure your Churches hang but *thin* with
ears.

And though the *Foxes* breed, what need you
 care,

When as your *Shepherds* such *Fox-catchers* are:
 For

For pardon, Sir, my serious soul now cries,
 Your knocking me did make this froth to rise.
Once for my Age, Profession and Degree,
 To fool thus is enough, and *Twice* for thee.
 Thus great Estates b'imprudent Owners may,
 When staid at Ticktack, soon be plaid away.
 Lets wind this folly up in this last sheet,
 And friendly part, as we did friendly meet.
 Yet, to requite thy Legacy to me,
 Accept this *Litany* I lend to thee.

*May thy rich Parts with saving Grace be joynd,
 As Diamonds in Rings of Gold enshrin'd;
 May He that made the Stars, create a Sphear
 Of heavenly frame of life, and fix them here,
 May that blest Life credit Conformitie,
 And make ev'n Puritans to honour thee.
 Must thou to Christ such store of Converts bring,
 That he whose place thou fil'st, for joy may sing.
 May God love you, and you love God again;
 And may these Prayers of mine not be in vain.*

THE

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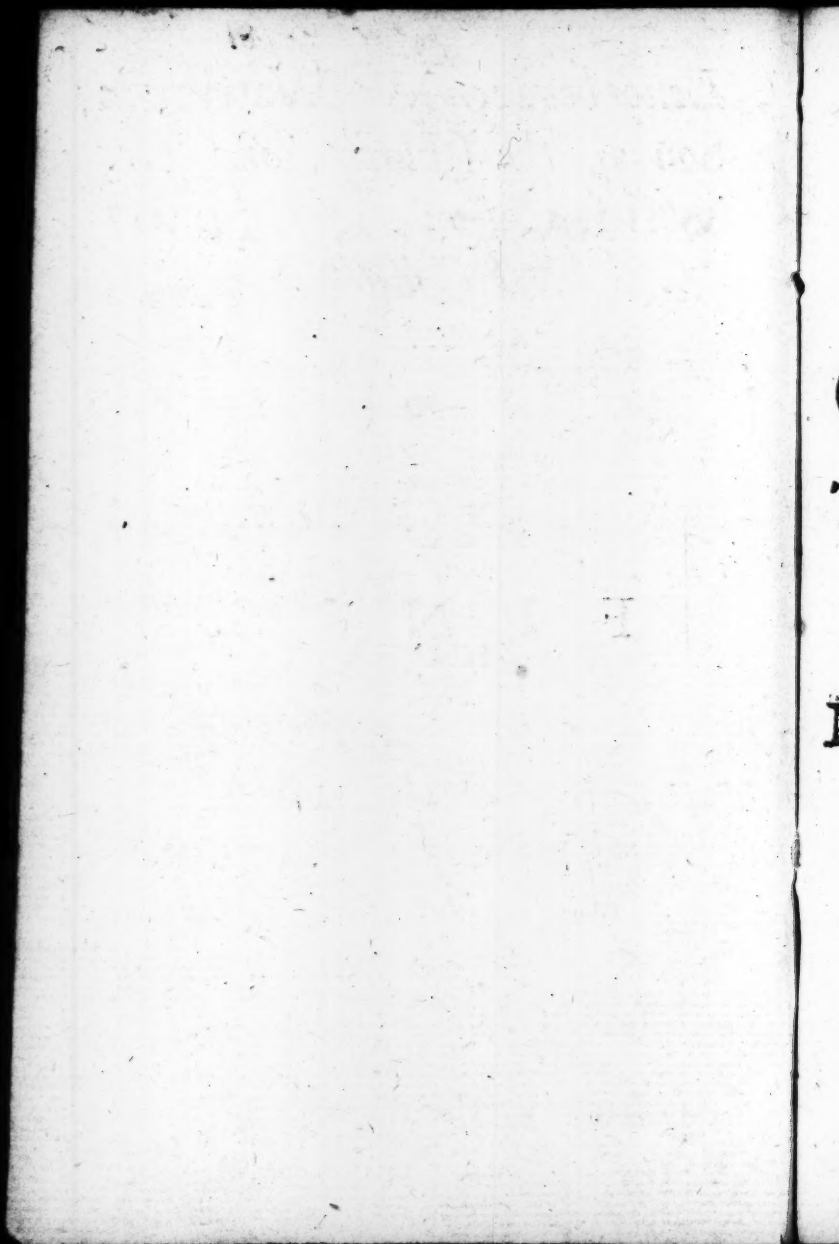
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Not Not
In my

F I N I S.



UPON THE
REBUILDING
THE
CITY,

The Right Honourable
the Lord Mayor,

AND THE
Noble Company of Batchelors Dining with
Him, May 5th. 1669.

THE
BUILDING
THE

CITY

The Right Honourable
the Lord Mayor,

AND THE
Noble Company of Bar-
chelor's Dining with
Him, May 2nd 1669.

Printed in the Year 1669.

NOr could *Prometheus*, when he would have
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole (stole
To animate his well dissembled clay,
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away.

Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each birth,
(Those stalking *Mountains*, sons of slime and mud
The Reliques of the universal Floud)
Setting them all to work, as soon as born
Then when their *Hightnesses*, did not think scorn
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Masons* made
And *Bricklayers* ---- the only thriving Trade,
Though they design'd, with high & pointed Towers
To pierce & stab those clouds, whose mighty showers
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb so high,
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowslips) from the sky,
Could they prevent their foolish *Babels* fall,
But were turn'd *canting*, wandring *Gypsies* all.

Nor shalt thou better speed (proud *Rome*) not thou,
Though thou hast carried Empire on thy brow,
And with thy *Cannons* made all Monarchs quake
As thunder doth the trembling Mountains shake;
No, though thy head, thy lofty head thou raise
To try thy horned strength with *Cynthia's*.
No, though thy Father be the Prince of th' Air
And with thee doth his vast Dominion share;
No, though thy Eagles wings thou stretch as wide
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde;
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurst
With the same milk thy Founder suckt at first,
And though thy zeal (Ah, cursed zeal !) aspire
To raise thy *Pope*, great *Pyramids* of fire,

From burn'd Cities; yet thy self (proud Dame)
 Who burnt with *Sodom's* lust, shalt with her flame,
 Where are thy *Fauxes* in their dark disguise,
 Incendiary Priests, and subtile spies,
 Who when our *Londons* fiery tryal came,
 Like *salamanders* feasted in the flame,
 And curst the hands that first should lay a Brick
 Towards the rebuilding that grand *Heretick*;
 Who when great *Greshams* spicy nest consum'd
 (Though the immortal founder stood perfum'd
 In the rich Incense) hug'd themselves to see
 Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.
 Now let them stare and startle at the sight,
 And bark as *Curs* do at the Moons fair light:
 Let them not boast their *Charles la grand, la Boon*
Great Britain can outshine them both in *One*,
 A Prince of far more gracious intents
 Than all thy *Urbans, Clements, Innocents*,
 Upon whose head shall stand a *Triple Crown*,
 When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down.
 Still on our *Thames* shall noble Barges ride,
 When *Fyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her p. d.
 Our *Lions* still are *Rampant*, and our *Rose*
 Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes:
 Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-hall*,
 And eat *Geese*--- Patrons of thy *Capital*.
 Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store,
 And her *Mock-Giants* she shall need no more,
 The *Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will
 Her own and forreign Language speak with skill;
 And on that *Acre* the Noon Sun shall see
 All his long *Travels* in *Epitomie*:

We have our *Newgate* and old *Tyburn* too,
Ready to serve their *Turns* who *turn* to you.

Kind heaven and all the Elements conspire
(And such conspiracy's we may desire)
To make our City fairer, stronger, higher,
The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day
To oversee the Work, and late doth stay
Before he lets the Labourers retreat,
As if he undertook the work by ti^g *Great*.
The earth gives clay, the water moistens it;
The gentle Air tempers and makes it fit,
And then the fire, as if it meant to make
Full satisfaction, and revenges take
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)
VWorks in the *Brick kilne*, works till it grow sick,
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*
And every *tyle* a lasting *blush*-- as who
VWould say, for former *Mischiefs* this I do.

Nor doth the Sun alone the VWork o're see,
But there is *One* as vigilant as he,
A *Pious, Loyal, wise, Just M y'r*, a Lord
VWho like *zerubbabel* with awful sword
Defends the *trowel*, whose sweet voice hath powers
(As *Orpheus* had to raise his *Theban Towers*)
To make the teeming bowels of the earth
Shoot up new *buildings* by an easie *birth*.
He guards the *sabbaths* with an holy care,
And blesther all the week by that *days pray'r*;
His *Magistracy* lies not in his Train,
His stately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain;
He, and his sword in Velvet fast asleep,

Yanny

But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep;
VVith a strict hand the Ballance he doth hold,
Trying the *Cause* how weighty, not the Gold;
As he with virtue meets, or with offence,
So do his looks, or smiles, or frowns dispence;
His smother Chin carrying as grave a grace,
As the *Diocesans* well bearded face.

Blast on (old *Beldame Rome*) and brag--Thou hast
Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chaste,
Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives,
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *Hives*:
Those thievish *Drones* thy *Flyars* without wings,
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their *stings*.
Thou hast thy *Joan's* as well as *Popes*--Fame says,
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olympia's*.

But *London* which the Nuptial Band allows,
And hates to lock her Virgins up in Vows,
Can glory in her *Batchelor Lord May'r*,
Chaste as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens Hair*:
The *Widow City* is his spouse---and He
Cares for her *Children* and great *Family*.
Not doth he stand (although he lyes) alone
(He were a *Phoenix* if he were but *One*)

But as the *Moon*, when she her progress goes,
The *Court of Stars*, as her *Attendants* shows;
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,
Great troops of *Batchelors* adorn his Hall;
None male content, and yet male *Virgins* all)
On *May's* fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous sight!)
Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;
Virgins in *Breeches*, *Virgins* all astrue.

As

Yours

As she for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* slew;
Some hoary old, some young, but all were chaste
Either above, or underneath the waist;
None of them had they been in *Scottish School*,
Had grunted in the *Penitential stool*;
None, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,
Had pay'd a stone to *Pauls* for *Fornication*.
None from an *Ordeal Tryal* need to fly
That *Purgatory fire*, of Chastity;
None free of *Creswel Colledge*, not a Man
Need fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan*;
None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)
Wears (though anothers Hair) anothers Nose.
My Lord himself, and all his Guests, I think
In the same Cup, might without danger drink;
Yet none (if called lawfully) but can
Beget a Son, may prove an *Alderman*.

These Sons of Peace, and Sons of *Mars*, if *Charls*
Please to take notice of his *Neighbours* snarls
Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall,
To combat *Custard*, batter *Pasty Wall*;
To try the Issue of an equal *Beet*,
Whether their *Teeth*, or *Knives* were sharper set,
To take the *Red-coat Lobsters* by the back
And with bold hands, their clattering *Armour* crack
But their chief errand was, to pray he would
Command their persons, and accept their *Gold*.
And if their Votes and mine were current, He
Should their *Perpetual Dictator* be.
But if the scarlet *Sphere* must turn about

(Though

(Though turning round makes giddy heads I doubt)
Yet his *Exemplar* Government shall stand,
And teach Successors how they should command.

A *Virgin Queen*, and *Batchelor Lord Mayor*,
To *England* are as prosperous as rare,
She made the *City* love the *Court*, and He
The *Court* the *City* by his Loyalty.
He a wise Imitator of his King,
Finds Moderation is a healing thing.

Oh, if our *churches Overseers* would yield,
And let poor *Labourers* come forth and build,
Such as *untempered Mortar* dare not use,
Nor for *Foundations*, *straw* and *stubble* chuse;
Though every stone *across* they do not lay,
But some work one, and some another way, *29*
Our *New Jerusalem* should soon behold
Sion in glory, though it wanted *Gold*.

Hard upon Hard, no lasting work will make;
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:
But Moderation is a *Cement* sure,

'Tis that which makes the *universe* endure
That makes our *Climate* prove a *temperate Zone*
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frigid One*.

If we all build up *Pater-noster-Row*,
We may let *Ave Mary* corner go;
Black and *White Friars* did together stand,
And may again, if *Wisdom* might command,
If no, I'll say no more, but this will swear,
Bedlam and *Bishopsgate* near *Neighbours* are.

FINIS.

J. J. W. B. J.

H. V. W. f. L. a. b. t. } M. M. E.
J. C. t. m. a. P. a. t. y.

HUGH LEWIS

~~HE~~ HSE

2